

5-21-1990

Columbia Chronicle (05/21/1990)

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Recommended Citation

Columbia College Chicago, "Columbia Chronicle (05/21/1990)" (May 21, 1990). *Columbia Chronicle*, College Publications, College Archives & Special Collections, Columbia College Chicago. http://digitalcommons.colum.edu/cadc_chronicle/298

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VOLUME 23 NUMBER 23

COLUMBIA COLLEGE, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

MAY 21, 1990

Science and Journalism Departments hit

Rash of thefts strikes Wabash building; money and science equipment are taken

By Timothy Bentevis
Staff Reporter

The fifth floor of the Wabash Building has been plagued by a series of mysterious thefts in recent weeks. Science and Mathematics Department Chairperson Zafra Lerman has asked her staff to keep their doors locked at all times and not comment on the thefts.

Some faculty, and several students, however, were willing to talk to the Chronicle about how personal belongings and money were taken out of their offices, labs and hallways.

"It's ridiculous. I can't believe this is actually happening," said one instructor, who requested anonymity. "I had a book bag stolen from my office that contained folders, papers, and my car registration. It happened too fast."

Another faculty member, who also requested his name not be used, said, "I had forty dollars taken from my wallet a few weeks ago, and last week a student's backpack disappeared from in front of my office."

Science and Mathematics

teaching assistant David Morton said, "I waited for my class to begin on the fifth floor. I placed my bag near a student in the hall and went to the washroom. When I came out, the student was gone and so was my bag."

Another teaching assistant, Paul Roque said he has had money stolen from the Science lab twice.

"I had twenty dollars stolen from my wallet three weeks ago, and the following week I had my wallet swiped and I lost twenty five dollars and my keys," Roque said.

Adrienne Daniel, also a teaching assistant on the fifth floor, was also victimized by theft. "I feel personally disturbed by the entire incident. Twice, I had five dollars stolen from my wallet in the lab. I'm terribly upset, because I feel that it may be somebody I trust," Daniel said.

Keith Kostecka, lab manager and chemistry instructor, said he hopes an expensive tape recorder stolen from the lab last week will be returned.

The Journalism Department, which is also located on the fifth floor, has also been victimized by

thefts.

"Last year I had two radios and a camcorder stolen from my office," said Journalism Department Chairperson Nat Lehrman. "This year other offices have been hit. But I have no suspicions as to who committed any of the thefts."

No one is exactly sure how widespread the problem may be, but the anxiety level has increased.

"In most of the incidents on the fifth floor, I find that the missing money and personal belongings were left unattended," said Columbia's Chief of Security, Ed Connor. "Consequently, they offered an open invitation for dishonest people."

"Hopefully, everything will get back to normal," said another Science Department faculty member. "My only advice to anyone in the school is to hold onto your personal belongings, because there are thieves everywhere."

The same faculty member also said, "If this thief does not stop, he or she will eventually get caught. Unless, of course, they just quit."

Internships a key

Thin job market for 1990 grads reported

By Amy Hudson

(CPS) Although the summer job market for collegians is holding steady, earlier warnings of a tight, competitive job market for those earning a degree this spring are coming true, many campus placement officers reported.

"There are as many interviews as people want to take," observed Don Monroe, the University of South Dakota's placement director for education majors. "But that doesn't necessarily mean jobs."

"In general, offers are a little slower in coming than last year," said Linda Barnes, associate director of career placement at Utah State University. "The outlook is still good, but on-campus recruiters, primarily in [defense-related industries], are a little slow."

For instance, offers to USU's mechanical engineering majors have been scarce. Of the 40 students graduating this spring, only a "handful" are fielding offers, said Ron Prescario, one of the lucky few.

"The numbers are down, guaranteed," added USU grad student James Singer. After 14 interviews in the fall and winter, Singer, who expects to finish his masters' thesis in electrical engineering in August, is still waiting for a job offer.

Last year at this time, most of his electrical engineering friends who were graduating not only had job offers, but had accepted jobs.

In Michigan, the market for

everybody but computer engineering and health-related majors is weak, reported Patrick Sheetz, assistant director of Michigan State University's placement office. The weakness matches the results of a nationwide survey Sheetz conducted last term of 479 corporations about their hiring plans for college grads nationwide.

Overall, Sheetz found the companies—citing a cloudy economic look, mergers and buyouts, increased global competition and a slower-than-expected turnover of employees—planned to hire 13.3 percent fewer graduates than they did in 1989.

However, some campuses report this spring's grads are getting as many offers as last spring's.

"I haven't seen [a drop in job offers] at all," said Bruce Johnston, associate director of career placement at Humboldt State University in Northern California. "The worst we have seen would be the same as last year, and that's not bad at all."

"We have plenty of positions for qualified, good quality applicants," added Kim Rauche of State Farm Insurance Corp., headquartered in Bloomington, Illinois. "We've been recruiting at 80-plus schools for the past five months to fill our needs."

"We almost look for people without financial experience," added Marvin Hecker, vice president of First Investors Corp., an investment banking firm that has 150 offices around the country. "We like to train from scratch,

and prefer not to break bad habits."

Generally, liberal arts majors are having a harder time than other majors in landing jobs. "It takes humanities graduates a little bit longer to decide what they want to do and a little bit longer to find a job," said Humboldt State's Johnston, himself a former psychology major.

The out-look for non-graduating students seeking summer employment is brighter. Manpower, the nationwide temporary agency, expects to fill about 100,000 positions, mostly with collegians, for office duties and light industrial tasks. "The outlook is real good," said Manpower's Barb Schryver. "It looks pretty similar to last year."

Wages, depending on the job and location, range from \$5 to \$18 an hour.

"There are plenty of jobs to go around," confirmed Don McMurrin, job coordinator for the student employment office at Kearney State College in Nebraska. "We've got about 50 listings and a whole array of summer camp listings."

And with the post-graduate market tightening up, more and more students are drawn to summer internships, said Utah State's Barnes. "There's also an increased interest in companies looking for interns." And after graduation, she added, many companies won't consider an applicant who doesn't have internship experience.

Sculpture garden opens

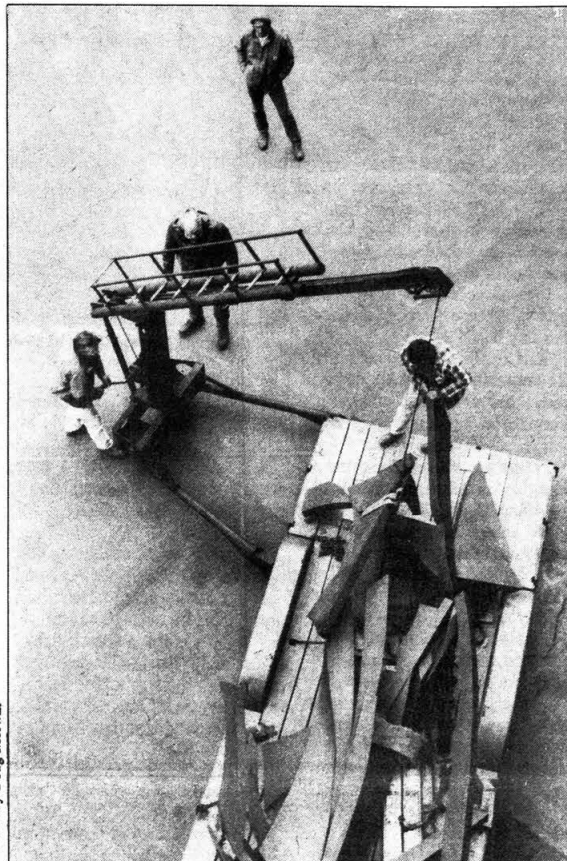


Photo by Doug Merwin

Workers hoist a sculpture by Ed McCullough, at Columbia's new Sculpture garden. The garden is located next to the 11th St. building.

Academic dishonesty persists

Classroom cheating plagues faculty, frustrates students

By Mary Johnson
Staff Reporter

When blatant classroom cheating caused several Columbia students to cry foul to an instructor last semester, they were subjected to threats by the accused, and a fight almost erupted.

What the protestors wanted was enforcement of the college's policy on academic integrity. They settled for rearranged seats during the next exam, and closer monitoring of the class by the instructor.

But, as one of the students who was verbally assaulted later said, that was satisfaction enough.

"The cheaters only wanted to attack someone because they found out that their activity was being reported, and were fearful that subsequent cheating would be foiled by the teacher," she said. "It was, and they were pissed," she added with a smile.

The policy governing academic honesty is found on page eight of the *Columbia College Student Handbook*. Violations include plagiarism, use of unauthorized aids on tests, taking credit for someone else's work, and collaboration during tests. Consequences for violations range from embarrassment to

severe disciplinary action.

According to Eileen Cherry, assistant dean of student development, the students' grievances should have been brought to the attention of the Student Services Department.

"We take complaints very seriously," Cherry said. "Our office is a place where students can be heard in confidence. We will be supportive while complaints are being investigated."

But Cherry cautioned that students need to know what they want to achieve by making a complaint.

"If there is cheating going on, does it really affect another student's grade, or is it that the student who reports cheating really wants to achieve a greater good?" Cherry asked.

Math instructor Gregory Neul said that students should develop morality during their college experience.

"Part of an instructor's responsibility is to demonstrate that morality and enforce it," Neul said.

Another student who witnessed the cheating episode said that cheating hurts students who have prepared for the exam, and

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Kozlowski wins Radio major earns spot as valedictorian

By Arlene Furlong
Staff Reporter

"When I first got here, I thought I'd never make it," said Michael Kozlowski, thinking back to his first semester at Columbia. Next month, Kozlowski will graduate as Columbia's 1990 valedictorian.

Kozlowski said that he can't believe he was chosen, but is grateful for the honor.

"It's nice because it lets you know that there is recognition for working hard," he said.

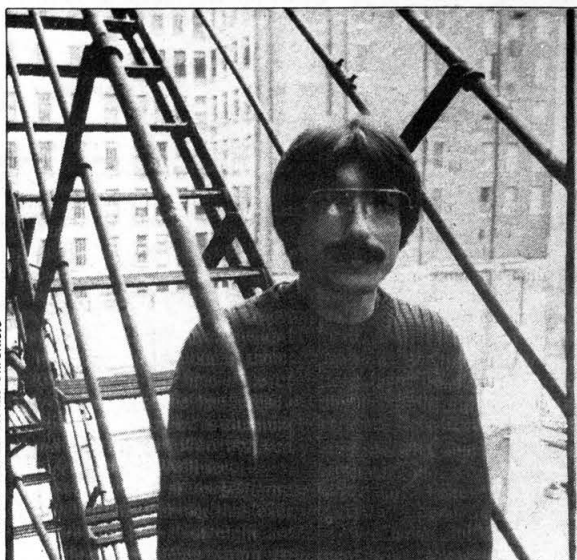
Kozlowski, 28, speaks unpretentiously, almost modestly, about his excellent academic record, and internship experiences.

"I had no intention of being a straight-A student," he said. "I just tried to put the most energy I could into everything I did. I knew that if I absorbed as much as possible, I'd have a lot of knowledge to work with in the future."

Kozlowski, a radio major, has dreamed about his future since childhood.

"Some of the disc-jockeys were gods to me. When I was a teenager, I used to call Larry Lujack, to ask him how to get into radio. When he answered, I'd get nervous and hang-up," Kozlowski said.

During a five-year absence from school, Kozlowski became increasingly focused on his goal. He worked in telemarketing, to save for his education at Columbia, and read a lot, to maintain a positive attitude. "You can control your own destiny," became



Columbia College Class of 1990 Valedictorian Michael Kozlowski

Kozlowski's motto.

"Having faith in yourself and having a positive attitude is an ongoing process," Kozlowski said. "If you fall short of your expectations sometimes, don't worry. Just keep doing your best."

Kozlowski knows that the best you can do is not always good enough. Disc-jockeys rarely last on-the-air for even 10 years.

"Radio is not a secure field," he said. "In radio, as in any other field, the more you know, the better. Every little bit you can add to your learning experience will be important later on."

Although Kozlowski enjoys sound and studio work most, he has also attained skills working behind the scenes in production. He works the sound at Buddy Guy's Legend, and is doing studio and production work at WXRT. He does production work for friends, and was a disc-jockey at Columbia's radio station, CRX, for one year.

Being on-the-air at CRX and

getting the internship at WXRT were opportunities that Kozlowski said he considered real milestones. He said that he had wanted to work for WXRT since childhood.

"Columbia opened doors for me," Kozlowski said.

He said he credits the teachers who inspired the excitement and confidence that was necessary to pull himself through.

"Columbia gave me a set of tools to work with that can never be taken away from me," Kozlowski said.

Kozlowski said he is also very grateful for his wife's constant support and encouragement. He became a father last month, and said that he wants to be able to give his family the very best.

He admits having occasional fears about being able to get a job right away, but said that he is excited about "getting out there" and "knocking on doors."

Kozlowski said he is convinced that, "If you like what you do, the rewards will come."

Records department's collection of unawarded diplomas now totals 1,800

By Tanya Bonner
Staff Reporter

Dear Graduate of the Columbia Class of 1956:

Even though it has been 34 years since your last class, your diploma is still in the graduation auditor's office, and available for pick-up.

According to Ruby Turner, graduation auditor for Columbia College, there are approximately 1,800 diplomas that have not been picked up by past graduates. The diploma from 1956 has been held the longest by the school.

"We keep them, and they can pick them up even if it's 10 years later," Turner said.

"We have diplomas that haven't been picked up in 20 or 30 years. We'll keep them forever if we have to," said Columbia's Registrar, Marvin Cohen.

"The most common reason students don't pick them up is that they think the school is going to mail the diploma to them after they've participated in the graduation ceremony," Turner said.

The reason students do not receive their diplomas at the ceremony lies mainly with the June and August graduates. "That gives us a chance to check and see if all required courses have been passed and students have completed 124 hours of study." Grades obviously would not be received before the ceremony, which is usually the last week of the semester, nor would credits earned in the summer session.

Even though students receive a letter in May telling them that they can pick up diplomas, Turner said students usually forget this. They get a false sense that they

have completed their responsibilities once they've participated in the ceremony.

The letter, given to students who have at least 112 hours of college credit, also tells them that "Diplomas are not issued until all academic and financial obligations have been satisfied. All diplomas must be picked up in person." Because of this, some students who eagerly come to pick their diplomas up don't leave with them.

"We have diplomas of students who have Bursar restrictions because they owe the school money. And many students sign up for graduation then they fail a class. They are not issued the diploma until they successfully complete the class," Turner said. If 1990 graduates don't want their diplomas collecting dust in Turner's office, they should avoid the aforementioned mistakes, and should also avoid sending friends are relatives to pick up diplomas.

Turner is aware that there will always be students who won't pick up their diplomas.

"Some students are just not interested in having the diploma. And really, it proves nothing. Employers are not interested in looking at a diploma. They usually call the school and verify that students have earned their degrees," Turner said. "They are nice to put on students' walls, though."

Dates to pick up diplomas are as follows: January graduates—June 25, June graduates—July 23 and August graduates—September 17.

The editors of the *Chronicle* would like to thank our faculty advisor, Don Gold, for his help this semester. Mr. Gold demonstrated a keen ability to keep us sane, and his sense of humor, more than once, rescued us from certain journalistic oblivion. His value to this publication these past few months is unmeasurable.

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Cheat

from page 1

that was what concerned her the most.

"I was afraid that I was being cheated because there is the possibility of a curve. The people cheating can drive up the curve, putting my grade in jeopardy," she said.

Neul said he has had only isolated incidences of cheating because he requires students to take exams in his office. He said he would confront a student he suspected of cheating.

"If I feel the incident is serious enough, I would petition the dean for removal of the student," he said.

Neul also noted that cheating may go unreported because faculty may not be monitoring tests closely, and "if they (faculty) are aware of cheating, they don't want to tell the world about it," he said.

Several students agreed that instructors are not monitoring classes closely enough during exams.

"In my audio class," said one source, "most of the class sits in the back during exams, and the instructor doesn't monitor what's going on."

"I would say about 40 percent of the students cheat in one of my classes. It's really a joke," said

another source.

Rebecca Courington, director of Academic Computing, agreed with the approach of confronting the student suspected of cheating, and said she monitors her classes closely.

"I've had only two or three instances of cheating in my six years here," she said. "If cheating occurs on a test, I don't cut them any slack," Courington said. "On a homework assignment or project, I tell them to do it again. On an exam, a cheater will get a zero," she said.

But when students see something going on that is improper, and unchallenged, they have every right to talk to the department chair about it.

"If the situation can be resolved at the departmental level, it is much better than bringing in a third party," Cherry said.

Liberal Arts Department Acting Chairperson Glen Graham said that there have been no incidents of cheating brought to his attention, but agreed that instructors need to monitor exams closely. He added that instructors are concerned most with plagiarism, which he called a form of intellectual cheating.

Graham admits, however, that some cheating must occur, because it happens at all colleges.

"If a student brings cheating to the attention of a teacher, that stu-

dent is doing his moral duty," Graham said. "School should be a learning experience in honesty. If a person is caught cheating, a failing grade is not out of order. And students who report an incident to the dean of student services for subsequent action are not out of order."

Academic grievances are supposed to be resolved by the academic departments and the Academic Dean's office, Cherry said. A student grievance, on occasion, may also be appealed to a committee. The committee is composed of an administrator, a faculty member and a student. An actual hearing is called, and an accused student may bring witnesses.

Cherry said there has never been a cheating case that has progressed to the point where there was a need for a hearing.

"Accusers must be willing to come forward," Cherry said, "in order for us to get the facts and see if there are patterns, so we can determine what needs to be done. If there is no complaint, it was never really important," she said.

Ultimately, Cherry said, the student doing the cheating ends up losing.

"You really don't gain anything, you still don't know what you are supposed to know, and you aren't getting your money's worth," she said.

Immunizations keyed to future registration

By Sherri Kirk
Staff Reporter

Although a new Illinois law requires all students attending a postsecondary institution for the first time, and who were born after January 1, 1957, to prove that they have immunity from certain communicable diseases, Columbia isn't yet enforcing it.

The reason, according to Joseph Vladic, Columbia's immunization records coordinator, is that "this is the first year for the new law, and the Illinois Department of Public Health has not yet signaled institutions to begin enforcement."

But Karen McMahon, of the Illinois Department of Public Health's Immunization Department, said "students have one full term to come into compliance with the law, and then they are not allowed to register for a second term."

Mike McCarthy, of the Chicago Department of Public Health, agreed with McMahon, and said colleges shouldn't allow any student without proof of immunity to register.

Since last fall, when 1,345 students were notified to submit immunization records to the college, only 1,072 forms have been returned.

According to Vladic, students who failed to comply were not prevented from registering for the spring term. That was because the Illinois Department of Public Health was late distributing the

rules and regulations regarding the immunization law to the school. There wasn't enough time for the college to prepare the information prior to registration for the spring term, he added.

Although this new immunization law went into effect on July 1 of last year, its rules and regulations did not accompany the law, McMahon said. Instead, the rules and regulations were introduced January 1 of this year, she added.

"As far as enforcement is concerned, that comes under the school's jurisdiction," McMahon

said.

"It's the college or university's responsibility to see that the students provide proof of immunization," McCarthy said.

As a result, colleges failing to enforce the immunization law will not be penalized, according to Ralph March, sectional chief of the Illinois Immunization Program.

Vladic said Columbia will begin to enforce the law next fall, and the penalty for students who do not provide proof of immunity is that they will not be allowed to enroll in the next term.

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Editor learns lessons outside the classroom

By Mitchell Hurst
Editor-in-Chief

When I arrived on this campus in the fall of 1984, after spending two years at an extremely conservative religious institution, I brought with me, unknowingly, a load of ideological baggage. These past six years at Columbia College—it takes some of us longer than most—have been a sometimes painful exercise in ridding myself of the items in that baggage.

Among those items were a complete ignorance of issues surrounding race, a fairly severe case of homophobia and a thoughtless clinging to the teachings of conservative, evangelical Christianity—beliefs that can become oppressive both to oneself and to others.

As a journalism major, I have spent my years here trying to learn how to put words together, how to choose the right ones and put them in the proper order to say what needs to be said. This process has been learned in the classroom, in "academia," if you will, and I have been told that, upon completion of this semester's classes—which, for me, is still a toss-up at this point—we journalism majors will be prepared for a career as little Woodwards and Bernsteins. I will find out soon if that is the case.

But education for me had less to do with what was learned in the classroom, and much more to do with soaking up the ideas, problems and feelings of my

classmates.

I knew no African Americans while I was growing up. I now know many, and I think I have a better understanding of what it means, in America, to have black skin.

I now know a host of homosexuals. God, I guess, decided He needed to beat me over the head on this point, ridding me of misconceptions pounded into my brain at the baptist church on Sunday mornings when I was young.

In short, I have learned that our differences, whatever they may be, can pull us together, rather than keep us separate. This has been the valuable part of my education, and Columbia provided the perfect environment for me to learn.

This school is a fantastic mix of ethnicity, political ideals and generational differences. This diversity alone can educate those willing to throw away the stereotypes and open up their minds.

I cannot close without thanking a few people who have contributed greatly to my education here, and taught me lessons that won't be forgotten.

To *Chronicle* advisor Don Gold, a kind man, blessed with the wonderful gift of sensibility.

To the staff of this semester's *Chronicle*, who didn't just work hard, but worked intelligently.

To my wife, Susan, who has endured four months of near financial ruin to put me through. May our bank account never again be this low.



Letters to the Editor

To the Editor:

Reading Mary Johnson's article about AIDS week, I was moved to write this letter. I attended Kevin Shine's "Rap About AIDS" production, which is mentioned in the article, and I was deeply offended by a flyer that was distributed by two of the performers. The flyer pictured two stick figures, obviously men, engaging in anal sex. A circle with a slash through it was superimposed over the two men. Underneath the visual, "Stop AIDS" was written in bold lettering. As a gay audience member, I felt alienated while looking at the flyer. It implies that AIDS is a gay disease, period. There is no mention of whether the two men pictured are HIV-positive or engaging in safe sex. In short, the

flyer was not only inaccurate, it was homophobic. How are we supposed to "stop AIDS," as the flyer suggests? Stop anal sex? Kill gay men? Taken to its ultimate conclusion, the flyer is violent in its attitude toward gay people. I find this attitude inappropriate anytime, but its manifestation during AIDS Awareness week added irony to the bigotry.

Episodes like the "Rap" incident illustrate the need for AIDS education, but I find it appalling that the incident has, thus far, been glided over gently. If an incident of racism occurred during a forum organized by the college, and if the racism was perpetrated by representatives of the school, would such an occurrence be ignored? I don't think so. Columbia students should be outraged by this incident, whatever their sexual orientation. Simply put, greater respect for the gay and lesbian community is sorely needed at Columbia. I, for one, am sick of walking down the hallways that I help pay for, only to be called "faggot" by my peers because I don't fit their skewed definition of masculinity. Ultimately, the students need to take responsibility for such violations of basic human decency. Furthermore, I'm encouraging gay and lesbian students to contact Columbia's Gay and Lesbian Alliance (the mailbox is in Rm. 607M, or see Irene Conley in the Student Services office).

T. S. Faulk
Freshman
Film

To the Editor:

I am writing to the *Chronicle* concerning a problem that could affect every student on campus. I am a Junior at Columbia and am majoring in Television. While attending Columbia, I've been nothing but satisfied until 2 weeks ago. A little over a month ago, I found out that I needed to

go into the hospital for surgery. Being scared, I always fell back on family, friends, and school. Upon returning to school, I went to class and I talked with Mr. Jones, he suggested that I talk with Luke Palermo. So, I waited for Mr. Palermo to come in his office and I told him what had happened. He suggested that I withdraw from the class. He said it wasn't the school's fault that I was sick or it wasn't my fault. Luke sent me to Academic advisor Steven Russell Thomas, and I talked with Steven. He suggested that I have proof of being sick. Then Steven sent me to John Moore and I called, trying to reach Mr. Moore for a week. Finally, I talked with Mr. Moore and showed him my hospital documents. He suggested that I bring back my hospital bill. After missing 4 weeks, I presented my instructor with a physicians note explaining my situation. They insisted that I withdraw from my classes.

I have worked hard in my classes, put forth the effort, had good attendance, and have had a strong like for school in general. I feel as though I'm being punished for becoming ill. Is this right?

Alberta Wilmer
Junior
Television

To the Editor:

Ms. Danielson's comment, "It seems like a lot of things in this school are geared towards black students. Other things are not given the same amount of attention as black things," is off base.

She is entitled to her opinion, but then why are there so few blacks receiving internships in departments like film and television? Why is a friend of mine, who is a film major, always complaining about how the white people in class look at her? She is often the only black face in her class and most white people look at her as if she has no business

being there. She receives even crazier looks because she is doing so well. Her high grades must send them reeling!

Since this is only Ms. Danielson's second semester here, how can she know that everything is black-orientated? It seems to me like Ms. Danielson can't stand to see blacks with anything. So far this semester, there were only two events that blacks could enjoy. The first was "you Must Learn," and the Kevin Shine Production, "Rap On AIDS" during AIDS Awareness Week. Because whites attended both events as well, her remarks make no sense. She should do everyone a favor by thinking before she speaks.

My second objection deals with a comment made by Tamara Sellman, who wrote a letter to the editor in the same issue. Ms. Sellman's comment, "Not all honors students are rich and white. In my seminar, I was told that minority students were invited to sign up for the class, yet none of them did." Sellman also said that minorities simply "passes it by."

First of all, whoever said anything about all honors students being rich and white? Steven Russell-Thomas' point was that it wouldn't be fair to all students and that you can't accommodate for every student. There are plenty of bright students here at Columbia, who are black and make the Dean's List every year. Minorities didn't "pass it by." Just because there were none in Sellman's particular seminar, doesn't mean that none are up to the challenge.

I think that students learning at a faster pace should have classes to suit their needs, but Sellman was out of line specifying minorities, when thousands of other whites as well didn't register for the seminar either.

Annessa Lacey
Freshman
Journalism/Fiction Writing

This is the last issue
of the *Chronicle* for
this school year.
The *Chronicle* would
like to thank its readers
for their many spirited
comments this semester.

The Columbia Chronicle

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Picture This

A Collection Of Expression
Created By Students Of Columbia College

page one

Hattie's Journal

by Amanda Cleary

My grandmother couldn't read books, but she could read coffee grounds. She could heal bleeders too, and forecast the weather, but she was especially proud of her ability to see the unseen at the bottom of her coffee cup. Of course, being a Christian woman, she never considered her practices witchcraft, but rather, "gifts from the Spirit."

My father hadn't come home from the city the night before, and we all gathered around my grandmother Mymie that morning where she sat at the kitchen table gazing into a delicate china tea cup she cradled in her long muscular hands. Her black and grey streaked hair was pulled into a loose bun and the tendrils of hair that had escaped during the night fell around her stern face and narrowed eyes.

I bent over the table and leaned against her broad shoulder and could smell the cold coffee grounds at the bottom of her emptied cup, as well as the stale breath of my brother Boone who leaned against me.

The early morning sky was so dreary with the grey threats of an approaching storm that it seemed like two in the morning and that I should have still been snuggled beneath my covers. Instead of the rising sun, the dreariness poured in through the kitchen windows and the screen door, but it did not touch us. The grayness stopped at the edges of the large wooden table where the six of us huddled, enclosed in the warm yellow glow of the kerosene lamp before us.

Josie stood on tiptoe on my grandmother's left, peering over the table's edge. Claudia stood beside her, propping Amos up on her lifted knee.

My mother sat just beyond the reach of the warm light, rocking Doyle. I wanted to go to her and tell her to move closer, out of the dreary dark but was too engrossed in trying to see something besides the wet, black coffee grounds clinging the bottom and side of my grandmother's cup.

There was complete silence except for an occasional clap of thunder and a sudden release of breath, held unconsciously by one or more of us in anticipation of my grandmother's voice.

Her breathing was so deep and slow that she seemed not to breathe at all, and if I could have torn my eyes away from the china crystal ball, I would have looked to see if her eyes were closed in sleep.

The cup scraped and tinkled against its saucer when she turned and tilted it, then she was still for a few frozen moments, which were finally shattered by a whine of boredom from Amos.

Claudia gladly dropped her tired knee and shagged him off toward my mother who whispered at him to be quiet and go play in his room. I looked at Claudia, who obviously was also bored and was staring at her fingernails.

My grandmother seemed not to notice the distractions and the silence descended again, like the storm clouds, until my grandmother moved her face closer to the cup and said, "mmmmmm."

"Mmmmmm," Josie echoed, and Boone nudged my back with his fist. My heart beat harder, and I strained my eyes

down at my grandmother.

She sat straight in her chair and although she didn't even take her eyes from the lamp in front of her, I felt as if she were glaring down reproachfully at me. "I see what the Lord gives me to see, child, and you know better than to question to Lord."

The answer didn't satisfy me, and I might have soon found my ears being boxed if at that moment my father hadn't come bursting through the door.



Illustration

by Elias Zimiantis

in the dim light expecting to see something like a picture show at the bottom of the cup. But I saw only cold, wet grounds and felt as if I'd been digging for buried treasure only to find more dirt.

"I see a man," my grandmother murmured in her deep voice, which always seemed to me like the low roll of thunder.

Out of the corner of my eye, I caught the anxious movement of my mother raising her face expectantly.

Boon nudged me again, and I gently elbowed his stomach in excitement and agitation.

Claudia leaned closer and sighed with impatience.

"The man issss... running," my grandmother continued, clenching the cup til I was afraid it might crumble in her hands and the sight would disappear.

The silence that passed was excruciatingly long, and my throat tightened its grip around the pleas for her to go on that tried to escape from me. Boone pressed against my back until I thought I might collapse beneath his weight. My body began to quiver.

"And he's holding something over his head," she said, clanking the cup back onto its saucer and leaning back in her chair.

We froze like something wound to tight and not able to spring back.

I gazed at my mother, as if expecting her to do something, but she only sank back in her rocking chair, her eyes heavy with disappointment.

"Is that all?" I dared to ask, forcing myself to stand straight and look

We stood frozen in surprise at his presence and bedraggled appearance. His clothes were wrinkled and his hair pushed up hopelessly on one side, as if he'd slept on it while it was still wet. Then we converged on him, Clinging to neck, arm, waist and legs until he laughed at our enthusiasm.

My grandmother rose from her seat and pulled us off of him, like she was picking burs from her wool skirt, and said, "Children, your pa is too weary to carry your weight as well as his own."

He kissed her lightly on the cheek, then walked over to my mother who looked as if she might burst with excitement but remained quiet and reserved before my grandmother as pa bent over to hug her, being careful not to crush Doyle nursing at her breast.

"Where were you, pa?" Boone asked, helping pa off with his coat.

"Missed my train last night," he said, collapsing into the chair my grandmother had vacated and tilting he cup toward him to see if there was anything in it.

I walked to the stove to fetch him some hot coffee. He looked cold and tired.

"Gol darn rain last night," he said shaking his head, so heavy it nearly raised bumps on my head." He chuckled. "Ruined my big city newspaper trying to keep dry."

I'm sure we all looked at my grandmother at once. Her pride at her accomplishment teased the hard lines of her mouth into a faint smile of satisfaction.

Our father didn't notice our

amazement. "Think that ole storm is followin' me," he said, more to himself than to us. "Thought I'd be gettin' another bath in my clothes."

"We knew ya got caught in the rain, pa," Boone said, excited. "Knew you were runnin' to catch you train. We knew fore ya even got home, we knew."

Pa glanced at the coffee cup then back at my grandmother who was still standing by the door, the rising wind stealing through the screen and whipping her skirts and the tendrils of hair around her face. She looked to me like a storm cloud, and I turned up the flame in the kerosene lamp when I returned to the table with the pot of coffee.

As she turned to shut the door, my father said, "Ma your good Reverend Simeon is gonna pray fire and brimstone on your head—"

"It's a gift of the Spirit," she answered sternly. "And I won't hear any sputtin' in this house," she added, sweeping toward the stove to cook breakfast.

My father fell silent, then sighed, in helplessness or exhaustion, I don't know.

My mother lowered her eyes in embarrassment, like she always did when my grandmother scolded my father as if he were still a child.

"I thank the Lord for my gifts," she murmured, as if in prayer, just as I poured hot coffee into the cup, obliterating the vision sent to her by God.

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Stage Diving at Symphony Hall

by Greg Smith

I straitened my tie as I looked around. The white marble architecture, gilded with gold, dwarfed the crowd of people mulling around in the lobby of the symphony hall. I could hear the shrill laughter of some frivolous middle-aged woman, as I turned to look I saw the preserved remains of rodent's skins that the women so highly prized and displayed with zeal. Meandering about the crowd were some short balding pretentious turtle-neck wearing college professors scratching their graying goatees. In the ornate corners were the silent judgmental old ladies, remnants of nearly a century gone by. As I walked to the bar to get something to wash down my parched lips, I spied a group of long-haired college students who had just entered. They stood looking about, each sporting an earring in their left ears, social statements that were about as outrageous as a woman wearing pants anymore. They looked about eagerly to see if they were riling any of the usual patrons of the symphony. They got a few dirty looks from some of the old ladies who were more than eager to give them out. The crowd was spattered with a few rich bachelors who were busy making themselves gods in the eyes of their naive but beautiful dates who were squeezed into hot flattering dresses. It was the usual mass of human beings that I encountered throughout the season at the symphony hall. One exception. A bright pink Mohawk sprouted up right in the middle of the swarming mass of people.

It wasn't too terribly unusual for a punker to appear at the symphony, in fact, in the past I had brought some of my friends who have skirted of the edge of punk, if not completely immersed in the movement. This kid though, was somehow different from many of the punkers that I had known. He had the air of conviction about him. He was one who was admirably free of the paralytic chains of fear.

He was wearing a baby blue polyester leisure suit with a dark blue tie as wide as the Mississippi Delta. His shirt sleeves were adorned with rather large fake blue sapphire cuff links, sparkling in the light given off by the chandelier suspended above the lobby. Large ank earrings in each ear completed his outfit and I'm quite sure that several of the

ladies in the room were jealous of those fabulous silver symbols adorning his lobes. His appearance was drawing many quick stares of disbelief and disapproval. But he quietly drank down his drink, minding his own business. I continued to watch him as the usher came through ringing a bell, signaling for seating to begin. I watched the mysterious Mohawk crowned young man make his way into the auditorium and walk down to the fourth row left orchestra to sit down in the isle seat.

I walked upstairs to my box and gave the usher my ticket. He unlocked the door and I hung my coat up inside. I walked out of the partition and sat down to see that the pink sprouted youth was looking through his program as well. As I began to read I completely forgot about him sitting so near to the stage.

On this evening's program the symphony was to play Mozart's 41st Symphony, The Jupiter. Perhaps my favorite of all of Mozart's symphonic compositions. I was eager to hear it. After I had become entirely engrossed in reading the contents of the program, the light dimmed and the principle walked out into a wave of applause. He took a short bow and then proceeded to spout off an A on his violin. Everyone having tuned, he seated himself. A moments silence, then out walked the conductor, world renowned German Heinrich Gluck. I peered down through my opera glasses at him. He was a thin wizened old man. However, his frail body had the special life to it that only comes from being saturated by years of ardent music. He gave a pronounced bow and then stepped up on the podium. With a graceful spasm from his baton he sent the orchestra on a musical journey. I watched enthralled in the almost tangible joy that leapt from the strings.

As the piece progressed, I thought to myself that I had heard no finer performance in my own lifetime. But suddenly during the fourth and final move-

ment, as I was being lifted by the piano of a lilting clarinet carrying the melody like a messenger throughout the orchestra, I was snatched from my rapture by an old woman who started loudly gagging up phlegm. Her coughing drowned out the clarinet as it resounded and echoed throughout the hall. It was bound to happen, being the fall season. Everyone had a cold, and many people weren't too discreet in their coughing. Her gagging was like a spark to gasoline. It set off a chain reaction like a spasm. Old women throughout the crowd began to cough, none of them bothering to cover their mouths or muffle their coughs in any way. How could those old women have been so rude? They had been coming here for years. Did they think that they had the right to disrupt the music so rudely? Had they not seen the page in the program on etiquette about coughing? I looked over to see that the kid with the pink Mohawk was as visibly annoyed by this group phlegm attack.

To my surprise and shock, he jumped to his feet. My heart stopped. What was he doing? He strode quickly the few paces to the stage then leapt up, his combat boot clad feet landing with a dull thud. The principle looked over in shock, letting his violin drop from his chin. The kid strode over to Heinrich and gently tapped him on the shoulder and said, "Excuse me." Maestro Gluck recoiled in surprise almost stumbling off of the podium, saving himself by the brass railing. The music ground to a halt as the orchestra noticed their unexpected guest. The pink haired kid then turned to the audience, who was stunned to this occur-

rence as well, and holding up a program began to read loudly: "When coughing is absolutely necessary, please," he added special emphasis to the word please, "cover mouth to muffle sound." He then looked up from the page on etiquette and continued with his own two cents, "But ladies, I find that if you spit it out, then you don't have to keep coughing it up, besides, it's kind of fun to see how far you can spit it." A murmur swept through the crowd like a bad wind in a copse. The members of the orchestra stared in disbelief. Guards were rushing down the aisles toward the stage. He saw them coming for him. So he quickly added in a resonant voice, "Thank you ladies and gentlemen, and now, how to properly stage dive." Having finished his short speech he turned to Maestro Gluck and gave him a thumbs up, flashing the silver rings on his fingers, and with a short run, just barely escaping the clutching grasps of the guards, he leapt into the stunned crowd, arms outstretched, head forward, knees slightly bent and feet apart. He landed on a group of screaming old ladies. Getting quickly up he climbed over half of a dozen people, and ran, with the guards on his heels, out a fire exit, yelling goodnight as the door closed behind him. The Maestro soon recovered from his state of shock, and after the crowd had settled down again, finished the remainder of the symphony.

I'd swear that I saw Heinrich grinning as he turned to the orchestra. Who knows? Somehow, I'm sure Wolfgang himself would have relished this particular event in great humor.

The End

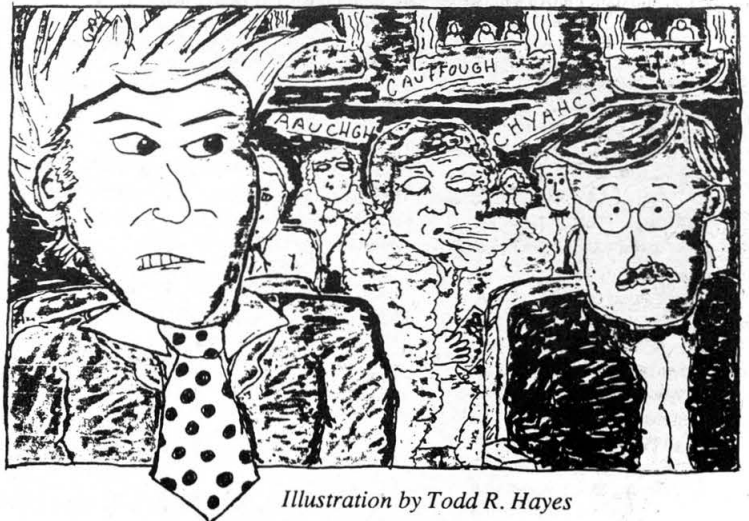


Illustration by Todd R. Hayes

priesthood

i see the son of my father
as he lies in the coffin
of desire
thrashing his body as if
to speak of fine talent, whiskey
women who smoke
and watches the sunset
turn into day once again

blind spot

frozen like a lens
that forgets
to click
long after
the portrait has been taken

lust

the spirit of my candor
lifts me to a height of
something i didn't eat
but drank away
in lust instead

cold summer day

the boys in the park
shine shoes, while nearby
old men eat cheese sandwiches
and the cops give out tickets
while the foreigners photograph
everything in sight.

Charles Sidney Bernstein

From cell to the hallway is an eternity in itself. Getting off the bed this morning was like leaving and old friend. The guard didn't tap annoyingly on the bars today, they let me lay there until I woke up. I didn't sleep the whole night though. What good is sleep to a dying man? No, there was nothing happening in my head even close to sleep. A conscious nightmare where you only think one thing, "I am going to die." I kept my eyes shut all night, going over every memory I could come up with to keep my mind off today. I kept hearing my breath and thought over and over how those were among the last I would be taking. It got impossible to concentrate after a while and I gave up and tried to silence my body so that it could die naturally, by it's own admission. That's impossible though. I know more about car engines than I do about my own body. No, I couldn't make myself die anymore than I could bend the bars with my mind and escape.

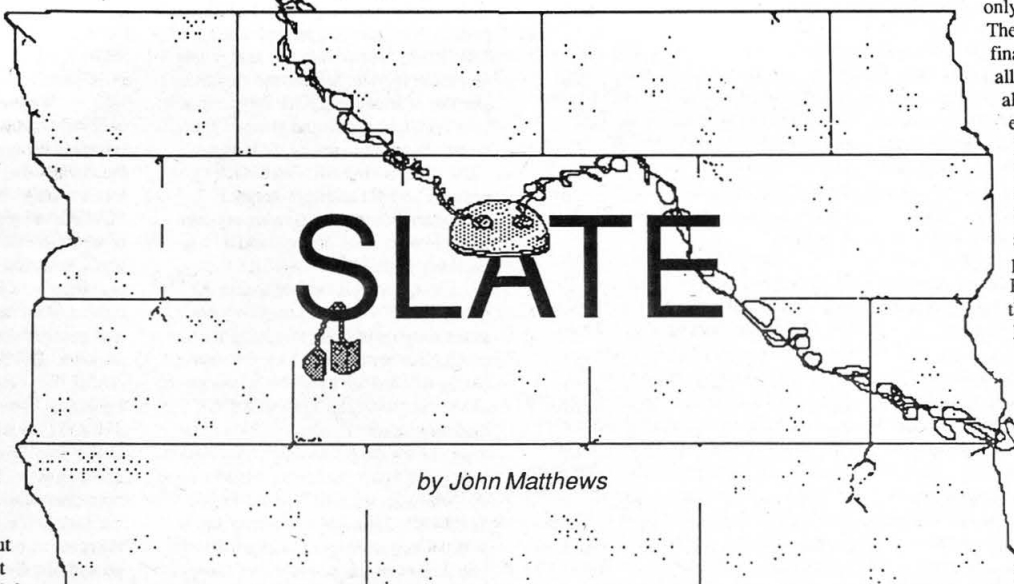
Here's something for the psychiatrists though, I never felt more alive in my entire life. What does that tell you? I'm damned if I know. I was out of my mind wanting to *do* something, make something, smoke something, but I kept still on the bed and didn't move a muscle. There was technically nothing I could do. I'm not religious so I didn't feel I had to read the bible. I'm not much of a reader anyway. If I were and artist or something, I could have made something special to leave behind, but I can't do anything like that at all. What could I have made anyway? I only got a pencil not even any

clean paper. I did get an idea though, I don't know if it means anything, but it kind of started to grow on me and by morning I knew I had to tell the guards about it. Like I said, I didn't get any sleep at all but I kept my peepers shut

no one could wear them. For some reason, I couldn't stand the thought of someone walking around in a dead man's shoes. I wouldn't care so much myself but I didn't want that for anyone else. Rossie said "Sure" and I felt better after

see his face cause he's short and the window on the door is up real high. I think you have to stand up on the platform outside to see in good. I wonder if he's going to stand up there when the time comes. I don't care much if he does, I

only know that I wouldn't. There, now the priest has finally showed up. They're all looking at me like I'm already gone. Well, if it's easier to think that way, let em. Not really a good time to start up a conversation though, I guess. Hey, at least I got my sense of humor still. The priest is almost bald. He's got a little hair on the sides and wire glasses. He's all in black and he's carrying a small white dish. I can't see what's in it yet, he's still saying some kind of prayer. He reminds me of a grade school principal I had once. Now I know what's in the dish, it's water. He's putting it all over my face, dabbing it on with his hand. I feel



by John Matthews

until I was good and ready to open them. They were extra friendly and a heck of a lot more food was on my plate this morning than I ever got before. Rossie's wife made it. I got pancakes and eggs and some bacon with my coffee. I guess she always does that for guys like me. There's no way of telling, but I hope that she didn't break any eggs when she cooked it up, I hope she didn't.

Anyway, when I was done eating I told Rossie my idea. He was real receptive to it, it being such a simple thing. I asked him if he could please leave my shoes right where I left them on the middle of the floor until it was over with, then have someone tear them apart so that

that. Like a clean slate. Once I got them to agree I was ready to get it over with, and by the looks of the men who are putting these straps on my arms, it won't be long. They tell me a priest is on his way from a local church. I wish he'd get here seeing as how I'm not religious and all. They do it out of respect for the church going community that sits on the bottom of the hill not too far from here.

This chair is the most uncomfortable thing I've ever sat in. They tell me I'm the last one in this chair. A new one has been ordered. Hopefully that one has some decent padding on it. A guy I've never seen before is pacing back and forth by the oval door to this capsule. I can't

it's pretty unnecessary but I keep quiet. There's no harm to it. He asks me if I want to hold the rose he brought along with him. At first I shake my head and he makes to leave and I call him back. "I'll take it," I say and I don't know why. So they've shut the door and I'm all alone here. I cough once to test the old machine and grip the rose tighter in my hand. The guard I've never seen before decided not to look in after all. The intercom spatters, Rossie asks me if I have anything I want to say. "No" is all I say. It's getting really crazy now though, I keep thinking about my shoes, tattered, free.

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The Thirsty Whale Tale

by Lyle Frias

It's Saturday night. Nine-thirty. Do you know where you're going? Yes, I am going with a "close friend", his sister, and his cousin to the THIRSTY WHALE. The Thirsty Whale is a fine establishment that caters to people with bad hearing, and who never entirely outgrew their adolescent hormonal changes. Thirsty Whale patrons also don't believe in haircuts and they worship cows by wearing their hikes in cleverly perilous styles complete with whip-like fringes, pointy metal studs, and of course, chains. Upon first being invited, I assumed that my "close friend" did not know about the Thirsty Whale's charming ambience; at least I hoped he didn't know, because if he did know and still wanted to go there I'd have a few things to think about.

He picks me up at ten-thirty because we are vampires, and to leave any earlier we would have to call on Dr. Bombay so he could give up pills to protect us from the lethal gamma rays the moon gives off prior to the twenty-second hour of the day. Once we get to sister's apartment, we let the night get older by discussing how cold it is outside; 16 degrees below 0. That will only serve to enhance our journey into the night, if we ever leave sister's apartment and actually get into the night. Sister explains to me that she must meet an old friend at The Thirsty Whale. She must give the friend "support." Being a curious vampire I wonder how close a NEW AGE, MEDITATING, BILLIARD-PLAYING, SELF-ABSORBED, POT-SMOKING, DIVORCED, YUPPIE, SUBURBANITE WOMAN can get to anyone, let alone someone who might frequent a place where one encounters TUNED OUT, BEER GUZZLING, UNMOTIVATED, HIGH SCHOOL DROP-OUT, HEAD-BANGERS. In any case, she begins to explain what kind of SUPPORT she must offer, but resigns with "Oh, it's a long story."

I don't know about you, but when I hear the old "IT'S A LONG STORY," I think either: A) Someone isn't giving me enough credit to actually understand what they might say; B) someone knows something they don't want me to know; C) someone is annoyingly evasive; or D) ALL OF THE ABOVE. Considering I didn't really want to go in the first place, Sister was making it increasingly more difficult for me to build any semblance of an I WANT TO HAVE FUN LIKE THERE'S NO TOMORROW WE'RE ALL CRAZY IN CHICAGO PARTY TIL YOU PUKE attitude.

Despite the fact that we were four LOST VAMPIRES, we finally made it to THE THIRSTY WHALE. Lest we miss any of the CHARMING ATTRIBUTES, we drive around for a half-hour looking for a parking spot. Luckily we find one a mere three blocks away (which is like forty city blocks in -16 degree weather.) Just in case there's a fire OR SOMETHING, we walk around the building and count the CLEARLY marked entrances; there are four, only one of these actually opens. The attending doorman is handsome in a CROMAGNON sort of way. His reddish stubble compliments the alluring (or lurid,

depending on your taste) tattoos on his husky forearms. Next to him, a long-haired, wiry, male(?), human(?), weasel sneers a warm welcome to us, THE FOUR LOST VAMPIRES. We walk into a larger hall(cave?), that is throbbing to the soothing sound of KILL 'EM ALL sung by those masters of melody, METALLICA.

Our first concern was a place to sit so that we could converse comfortably in a VERY LOUD TONE OF VOICE. We also had to meet up with that old friend of Sister's; the one who needs SUPPORT. During the wait for the friend, Sister informed me that Old Friend was Main Squeeze to the bassist in the band that was playing that very night. I could hardly contain myself. I considered my chances of getting an autograph from the Bitchin' Chick. (Bassists in heavy metal bands only flock together with Bitchin' Chicks.) Maybe she'd have pity on me and take me under her wing. She could tutor me on the finer points of FEMININE HEADBANGING; where to get the best deal on spike-heeled boots, and black leather underwear. I had to get a beer to calm my nerves, which by now were stimulated beyond comprehension.

When I returned from my uneventful beer run, THE SQUEEZE had arrived. She was quite a looker in her mini-skirt and spiked heels; her hair teased to three times its normal volume. I was immediately intimidated — this much is true. Sister gracefully introduced me as her brother's FRIEND. If she was trying to be evasive about the relationship between her brother and I, she should have just said I was the waitress; I probably would've felt less like a baboon vampire. It is a relief to know that we are, at last, just friends. This means my agonies over what "special something" to get him for Christmas are dissolved. I can get away with Engelbert Humperdink's GREATEST HITS sung by JERRY LEWIS on BETA VIDEO CASSETTE.

This evening was getting better and better. Toward the end I imagined that I would either throw sulfuric acid at THE SQUEEZE, or just concede defeat; that is, let the Squeeze take what I thought was my "Close Friend" as her own. I had finally figured that Sister meant to match Squeeze and Brother after she had given enough SUPPORT to Squeeze to dump the BASSIST. This could also explain why I wasn't invited by Sister. WHAT A SCHEME!!! I began to wonder if Sister was the only one that was wise to the SCHEME. I am a woman of the nineties; as such, I am entitled to revel in my ridiculous insecurities that breed jealousies. I realized that and proceeded to be an anti-social sulking vampire. I ran scenarios of infidelities between my "Friend" and the Squeeze. I followed his eye carefully observing how long his eye lingered on her voluptuous body and stunning face — to say nothing of her witty repartee.

Occasionally I indulged in a rest from my self-inflicted agonies. Being a former and still honorary member of this group of cave dwellers and cowhide worshippers, I still somewhat had an ear for the MUSIC. I even felt comfortable enough at one point to venture to the restrooms. Making my way through the

hordes of CHEMICALLY ALTERED people, I made out a sign that read "WHALETTES." I took this to mean those of the female persuasion. Unfortunately, depending on your point of view, I took a wrong turn and landed in the WHALERS' room. I didn't realize this immediately. I walked in and caught a glimpse of something with very long hair; I almost chose a stall and stepped in until it turned around to reveal itself as a GENUINE WHALER. Well, feeling as unstable as I did at that moment, I surrendered the overwhelming opportunity the WHALER offered, and sheepishly left VERY QUICKLY.

Once I was safely within the WHALETTES' room, I made my way into a number of stalls searching for that one unique feature — a lock that worked. No such amenities available, I was forced into some WHALETTE BONDING. I managed to entertain myself by eavesdropping on the fascinating conversation taking place just outside my stall. Due to the strict statutes of WHALETTE ROOM SECRECY I am unable to share any of it with anyone ever again. Let me just tell you that there was heavy use of the words "FUCK", "MAN", "ULTIMATE", and of course, "SHIT". Tearing myself away was easy because I also felt intimidated by these WHALETTES.

Returning back to the table I noticed that the Squeeze was back from her

FRIENDS a lot of credit; I'm sure he will be chivalrous in his dispensation of me. YES, NOW I WAS THINKING OF DISPENSATION. WE ARE NO LONGER GOING TO BE FRIENDS, OR CLOSE FRIENDS. HE PROBABLY WON'T EVEN GET THAT ALBUM FOR CHRISTMAS.

We made it back to the car with only minor frostbite. My three fellow vampires were giddily discussing how much FUN they'd had. I do not doubt that it must've been great fun seeing me SQUIRM all night long under the weight of their GREAT SCHEME. Luckily, it was a long ride home so I had time to plan my strategy of RETALIATION. That's right, if you can't beat 'em join 'em. I was going to do a little DISPENSING of my own. BEING THE AGGRESSIVE VAMPIRE THAT I WAS THAT NIGHT I WAS GOING TO BRUTALLY THROTTLE ALL OF THEM AND THEN DISPENSE OF THEM, THE TRAITORS. (To my knowledge, I hadn't been chemically altered, but then again, the SQUEEZE was pretty CRAFTY.) After much deliberation, I decided to just go with the singular strategy; I was going to DISPENSE of my "CLOSE FRIEND" first. We dropped off Sister and Cousin. From their house it was another long drive which enabled me to stew awhile and get set into DISPENSATION MODE.

We pulled up to my house too



Illustration by Ian Weaver

visit backstage to her Bassist. I wondered if she'd finally axed him. After all, Sister was there for SUPPORT. Sister pulled me aside before I sat down to inform me that the Squeeze actually thought I was pretty. Meanwhile I was focused on looking for imperfections on the Squeeze that "MY FRIEND" might notice while they were chatting so INTENTLY. I wasn't fooled by the insincere compliment that I'd just received second-hand via Sister.

I AM ASKING JEALOUS VAMPIRE OF THE NINETIES AND DIDN'T CARE TO BE PATRONIZED

Everyone must've noticed my sulk because they started to put on their coats. OK, SO THE BAND HAD ENDED THEIR SET; I GUESS THAT MIGHT'VE HAD SOMETHING TO DO WITH THE IMPENDING DEPARTURE. The Squeeze rejoined her celebrity Bassist. Goodbyes were exchanged along with promises of keeping in touch. I wondered if the Squeeze and my "Friend" had schemed on how to keep in touch after tonight. No doubt Sister SUPPORTED that. I am a fair vampire, and I give my

soon. I was in FULL SELF PITY MODE and getting more dangerous by the minute. I still hadn't worked out the wording yet either, so, working with improvisation I came up with PROCRASTINATION; I was going to soak in self pity for an EXTENDED TIME. I casually informed my "FRIEND" that I couldn't come out to play for another three days. After all, I was a vampire of the NINETIES. I HAD THINGS TO DO that didn't include HIM. I was about to leave his car when he grabbed my arm and had the audacity to ask WHAT WAS WRONG. WHAT DO YOU MEAN, WHAT'S WRONG!? YOU SHOULD KNOW. CAN'T YOU TELL THAT I'M ON TO YOU AND THE SQUEEZE? I KNOW ALL ABOUT THE ESCAPE YOU TWO ARE PLANNING. I know about how your evil sister doesn't want me around to tamper with the happiness of her BIMBO FRIEND. I happen to know that you are in SUPPORT of your sister being in SUPPORT of the SQUEEZE. Don't let me stand in your way, after all, I'm just a FRIEND. HOPE YOU LIKE ENGELBERT HUMPERDINK!!!!!!

Jazz

I used to have friends
tarted up
coat check girls
wasp shopping
ashamed of middle-class status
eating Mexican every night

Spectator to freedom
I copped a bus out
watched TV full time
perfected this
rebellion thang

Moving and pathetic
wearing crushed velvet
and bandanas
I fulfill the country's need for
victims
fingering through towns
where the T is silent

I spend my life worshipping
glorifying poverty
perfecting depression
a runaway with attitude
and dirty hair

Kathleen Markko

Four Ways of Looking at Waitresses

1. Women without careers
broad in pictographs and topless joints
decked in gold dust crowns and
smiles taunt as high voltage wire
2. Toughest girls in school
all plastic lacquer
and frosted lips
who really know how to dance
walk in small steps
cut their own hair
3. Artists obsessed with death
corsetted in chicken bone
armatures
shopping for a future
among townfolk drinking
coffee in abbreviated
cities
4. Big hipped maids
stumbling B girls
masquerading in
Coca Cola and Covergirl
joyriding for coins in
a down to earth voice
and a pair of worn shoes

Television

Because I was born
with three ears
I have a calling
can draw pictures
care for lame birds
understand
the crudely primitive
language of ghosts
printed on the backs of
my eye lids

I dream about television
watching it for weeks
without worries of cancer
worshipping men in
black and white
with poisoned blood lines
wielding power
lighting two cigarettes
at the same time

I worry about people in Japan
wearing poodle skirts and
white bucks
thinking America still does the twist
doing anything for a ride
in a Buick
who with flashes of love
made my TV
and every TV
so that housewives and bellhops
will weep over the image
of Valentino
even though
they'll never hear his voice

Winners of the 1990 Eileen Lannan Poetry Contest

Picture This

Lazy

The crumbs we left
to find our way
are in a circle
and we stop,
lost,
still smoking,
windows down and
follow each other
around my block
past knock kneed
men old and shirtless
in rows who wait
to meet the mail.

Model boats
portraits of blondes
and gargoyles
hum to us like glass
in spring
from the basement,
but we're settled
as the stucco,
limp as hula
in the heat
and ready
to sit the season
out.

Garden hybrids
shift as though torn
and confused,
gilded eyes moving
with patience
and dread,
the trowel still,
almost slumping and
dark through the
acetate glasses we wear
while we lie
in the weeds.

Green

You sing in the night
I am not a grown up,
and try to be vibrant.
Your pockets are empty now
of the things that made you
interesting to children.
You are quick but not enough
and the quarters in your palms
are getting hot as you pace
your crowded rooms, tripping
over stacks of things
adolescent and not to be pleased.
All you want is someone
who will guess which hand.

You are as complete
as you are still,
inaction keeping failure at bay,
and to show I'm not afraid I'll say
you were in your overalls
on the grass
in the yard
drunk on whimsy
and without the slightest goal.
To be next to you and play
a blue yukelele
might be a little heaven,
chanting rhymes and popping heads
off dandelions.

Carolyn Koo

Remains

Twisted pieces
of the neighbor's house
flutter and burn in the air
while she watches
the buttons of her skirt,
her knees,
her fingers.

From the damp and sheeted
upstairs rooms she sees
through a crack in the board.
It was quite a climb and
winded she winds the clock.
It's better if no one
knows about this.

The kitchen maid dreams of
permanent helium,
goes through the closet
picking tulips, hears the gate
and hides humbly
in the plaster.
Cold without reason,
she stuffs bones into the trunk
and goes looking
for the best price.

Tired of knives,
she uses only teeth now,
shuttered up in silk sleeves,
sitting out a savage winter,
waiting to shed
what's grown over her.

Sister Fugachi

by Terry Golob

The room hadn't changed. Both men watched the students sitting at their desks, heads bowed in silent prayer, then drifted back to their school days spent with Sister Fugachi, Sister Marlena Fugachi.

They were back in her class, remembering, without nostalgia the way it was. They sat side by side, in the second row from the front, dead center. To the right was the tall, long row of windows. Only one was open, the small little square closest to Sister Fugachi's desk. Whether it was the heat of the summer, or the cool of the winter, that window was always open, without fail. Not even the custodian dared to close it. He was the former middle weight boxing champion. He was old and crusty, but he still looked like he could pack a punch.

Still on the right side, past the open window, was a stretch of wall where Sister Fugachi had mounted a battered old offertory. It was once painted gold, but the paint was peeling, and the crucifix on the two doors looked pasty and yellow.

Hanging on the wall in the front of the class was a huge map of the world. Speckled on every continent were little red crucifixes. They represented all the Catholic missions around the world, in every country, city, town. "There is no escape for the children of Satan," she would say, pasting another crucifix in some remote part of the world. A part of the world some student hoped to run to. Today it was Guatemala. She was right, there was no escape.

Centered perfectly with the map was Sister Fugachi's old brown desk, five feet from the wall, a few feet from the first row of students. It didn't have a chair because the good Sister never sat down. "Idle butts sow the devil's seeds," she would say as she floated about the room, eyes targeting mischief wherever it reared its thorny head. The students always had their heads bowed in silence.

Tacked up on the red background of the left wall were all the students names, Joey, Johnny, Theresa, etc., all done in big black letters. Beside each name there were either white crucifixes, which meant you were a good Christian, like Theresa, or you had pitchforks, which meant you were the mischievous spawn of Satan, like Joey and Johnny. Once pitchforked, there was no redemption.

Since no student could ever look back, the only way to see the huge, brown, macrame crucifix hanging on the back wall was when you entered the room. It could cover any child in the class with room for a struggle. It was woven like a huge fishing net with arms, and was suspended from a long oak staff, which was suspended horizontally on a thin wire. Occasionally, when the door was opened, it swayed with the breeze and flopped against the wall.

Joey stared into the classroom, watching the students in silent prayer. Johnny was back in the truck unpacking the organ.

"Boy those students," Joey said, "they ain't got it hard like we did."

"Yeah," Johnny replied from the truck, "Fugachi, the old crow is long

gone."

"Amen." Joey proclaimed, then swallowed his words.

Floating like a big black bat up and down the aisles was the menacing bulk of Sister Marlena Fugachi.

"Jesus Maria, Johnny, it's Sister Fugachi!" Joey yelled.

"What?" Johnny said, thrusting

him. His eyes returned to the little cathedral on his desk.

Then from the single open window to his right, up front, he heard, "Fugachi! Fugachi! It's Sister Fugachi!"

All of the children heard it, but only Nicholas Martini laughed. A deadly sin during silent prayer.

No sooner did his shoulders shrug when he felt the iron grip of Sister Fugachi on the nape of his neck. Her talons lifted him from his chair and in a whirlwind thrust him to the front of the class.

The Sister walked towards the battered old offertory mounted haphaz-

Nicholas could hear her tapping the ruler in her hand with increasing severity and he tensed at every blow. When he ventured a glimpse, he could see her crucifix spinning from its chain on her chest. First clockwise, then counterclockwise. She was leaning forward like a predatory animal salivating for the kill. She took her position on his left side, behind him.

"Nicholas Martini!" she said. "There will be no more horsing around during silent prayer! Understood?"

He looked over his left shoulder and nodded.

"Raise your shirt."

The eyes of his classmates rose to see Nicky's naked back. Saw his fingers dig into the edge of the desk. Saw Sister Fugachi, who was standing behind him, slip the ruler under her armpit, hike back her sleeves and spit into her palms. She began to rub her hands together fast like a big black lumberjack ready to chop down a mighty oak. God's lumberjack, with feet squared and supreme concentration brought her left arm as far back as she could, then, throwing her entire robe clad body into it, lashed down hard on Nicky's naked back. The impact was the loudest slap any of the students had ever heard. Nicky's face crinkled in agony, his fingers clawing the desk. Every face in the class was twisted into a sympathetic wince.

Sister Fugachi took pride in the large red welt that formed on Nicky's back, she folded her arms and nodded her jowls in approval.

Nicky, though tensed for the blow, was unprepared for the stinging pain that now radiated from his back. Tears were squeezed from his eyes blurring his vision. His entire body tensed like a twisted rope. In blind fury, he clenched his right fist, pivoted to his left, took aim, and punched Sister Marlena Fugachi square in the face.

She hit the floor with a heavy thud, her robe and legs flying up then coming to rest in a rustling 'clack'.

Twenty little fingertip cathedrals collapsed onto desks. The students in the class froze, some with their mouths dropped, others with eyebrows raised.

There was silence.

Nicholas looked at his smarting fist. He looked at Sister Fugachi, her long black robe hiked up to her knees revealing a big black pair of patent leather shoes pointing diagonally outward, rolled black stockings stretched over her thick legs. Her robe was splayed on the floor like a big black inkspot. Her crucifix was hiked over her left shoulder, its chains crossing over her naked face towards her ears, her mouth open and contorted, and her nose . . .

Every kid in the class could look right up Sister Marlena Fugachi's nose, and nobody liked what they saw.

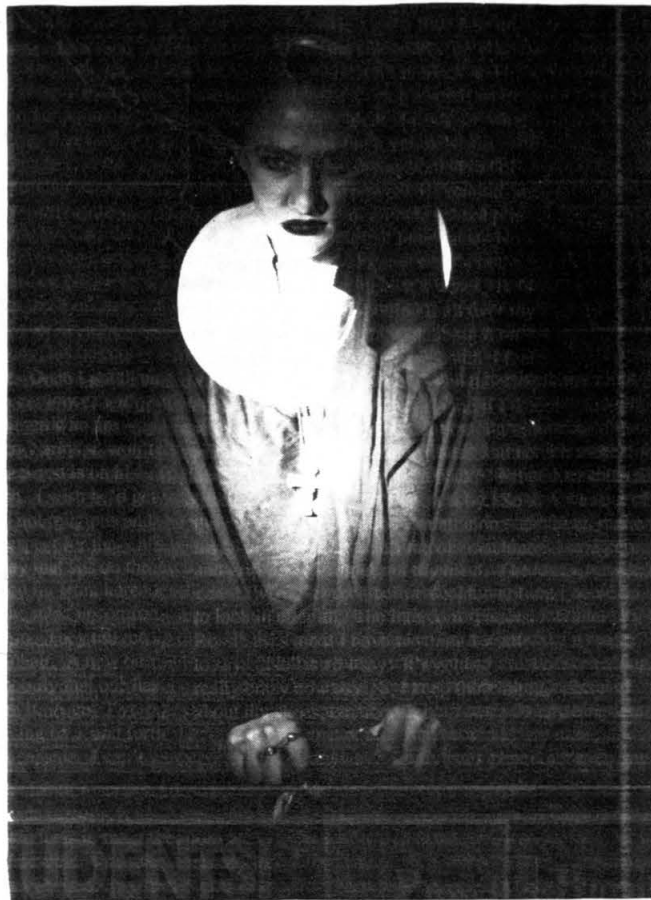
Silence. Sister Fugachi remained a motionless lump.

"You killed her!" Tony Raspanti yelled from the back of the room. He stood on top of his seat and announced with outstretched arms. "Sister Fugachi is dead!" He shook his arms wildly over his head, knocking the macrame crucifix off the back wall onto his head like a net. He struggled, arms and face tangled in the brown mesh, then fell over the back of his seat and flopped around on the floor, squeaking like a captured rat. Nobody looked at him, it was forbidden.

Then the Sister looked up at the ceiling as if asking God for guidance. After a long moment, Sister Fugachi nodded and placed the wooden one back into the offertory and closed the doors.

The eyes of the children returned to their fingers. They could hear the clack of her heavy black shoes.

Nun Photo by Ky E. Boe



the organ out of its berth like and old nemesis.

"Fugachi! Fugachi! It's Sister Fugachi!"

Johnny shuffled to the rear of the truck and peered into the room. She was gliding down the aisles as if suspended on wires, her robes trailing behind her like a big, black wind.

They both stood there dumbfounded, eyes wide, mouths open, like two children.

"Mother have mercy, they got Sister Fugachi," Johnny said as if beginning a prayer. They both bowed their heads and crossed themselves.

Nicholas Martini sat pensively in his seat, fingertips pressed together so his hands formed a little cathedral on his desk. He could hear the city sounds out of the open window, the clank of the lock on the trailer of a truck, occasional car horns.

Distracted he snuck a quick look at the Sister's glittering gold chain dangling from her neck and the elaborate crucifix shimmering gold on the blackness of her robes. Her hands were in front; they formed a little cathedral just like his. Looking at her bowed head he could see her jowls catching some light in the darkness of her habit. She towered above

What's In Your Hand?

by Jim Driscoll

It was a new sensation: gold in his hands. He stumbled upon his father's coin collection a few years ago while playing hide-and-go-seek with his brother and sister. There it was: garbage cans full of coins; velvet lined cases of gold; various shaped coined silver with the headbusts of forgotten European monarchs; faded copper coins; mint pennies encased in plastic — thousands and thousands of dollars worth of coins, hidden away in the dead, rose smelling walk-in closet of his parents bedroom.

He picked out two twenty dollar gold pieces and tried to leave everything exactly as he had found it: placing the lids back on the cans; placing the clothes and books back over the lids; moving the boxes of receipts back into the aisle; and closing the door to a crack behind him.

His heart sped, the floor boards creaked, tree branches scrapped the roof, and the lace curtains billowed about the open windows. He pressed and rubbed the gold coins between his fingers; they were cold, and smooth, heavy. He caught his reflection in the mirror as he walked around the bed.

He stared at the cavernous eyed, dark haired, pale skinned, punk rock, shadow figure in the mirror. He stared cold at the weeping Jesus icon on the

dresser; at the priceless German Hummels; at the jewelry box, which he didn't raid; at his parents' wedding day photo. Many things had lead up to this moment of swelling, inarticulate feelings: he was angry at his mother's unintentional emasculating ways; at his sense of belittlement under his father's social title; resentful towards the favoritism shown to his brother; anxious over the ugly memories of failure; and confused by the impending disaster, his future.

"Should I do it?" he thought. "And what if I get caught?" he was in love with Maggie; or so he told himself. He was so taken in by her red hair and her sweet angelic smile.

"Where else will I get the money? . . . It's the seventh week already . . . She said it wasn't safe after the eighth week . . . Fucking Jesus! . . ."

He glanced up again at his parents' wedding day photo and continued pressing and rubbing the gold pieces. Moments later, a dim horn blast snapped him from his stupor. It was Maggie, down in his car in the driveway, signaling to him that his mother was home.

"Fuck it! As long as I have her," he thought, "Fuck it all!"

The next day, after he cashed in the coins at a pawn shop, he took Maggie

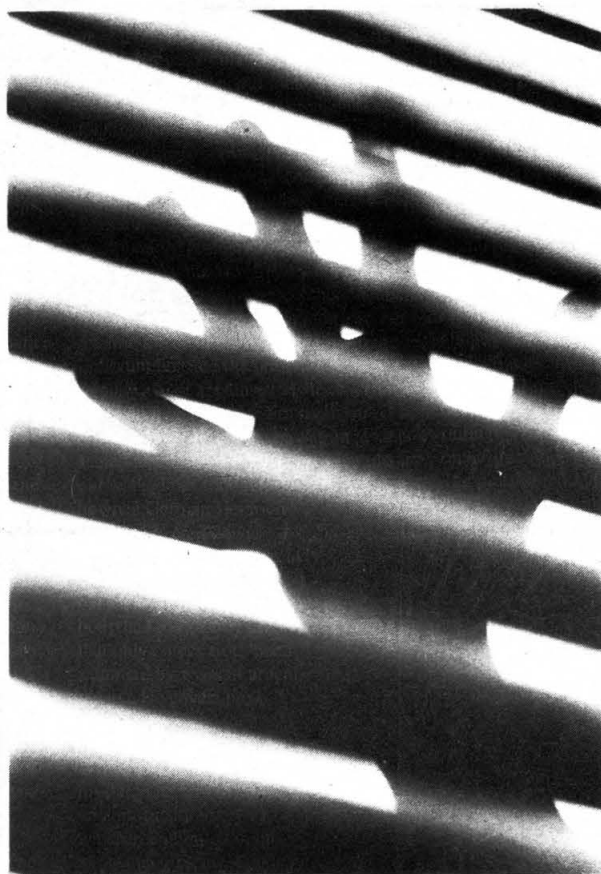
to the abortion clinic.

He hugged her and tried to console her; but there was nothing he could say or do that would make her stop crying.

"It'll be alright," he whispered in her ear. He embraced her, staring into and passed her red hair, feeling a lump of anger running up his chest. He hated when she cried; hated all the memories of yielding to her. He resolved to be stronger. After all, Maggie's experience wasn't his; the feeling wasn't his; and although he put on a front of concern, in the back of his mind, he just wished for this whole thing to be over and easily forgotten.

"I do wish you'd come in — just to be there; I'd feel much better," she pleaded. He averted his face, sighing, and looked out the window, following two Swallows as they dipped and disappeared into the clouds. There was a dense and meaningful pause, and then he said, "I told you! I ain't going in there! I'll be right out here thinking about you! I promise! I won't leave you!"

Maggie bit her bottom lip and got out of the car and headed towards the clinic with downcast eyes. He followed her with his eyes, shaking his head, and feeling his anger turn into unbearable guilt.



Hands Photos by Linda Mahan

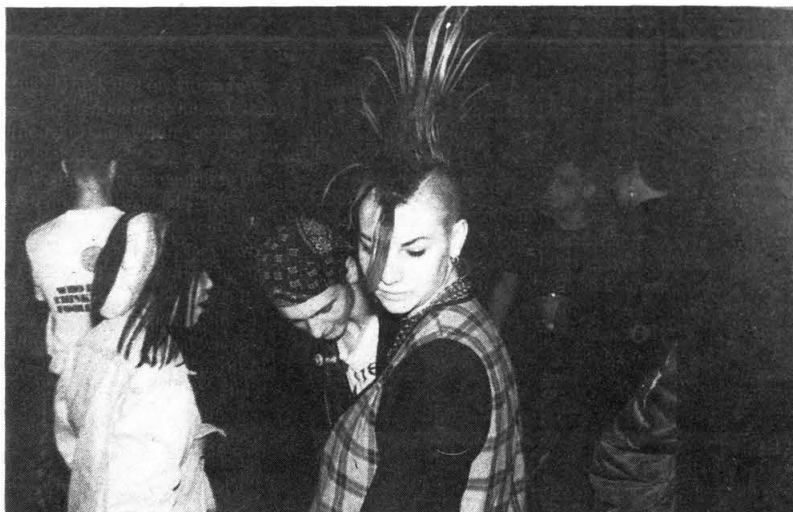




Punk plays its own special role in the fight against oppression. Aims awareness new opinions, destroying formerly accepted obsessions doing away with stale traditions, false morals and blind hopes.

"Conflict"

Photos by Martin Sorrondeguy



Editor's Note:

I'd like to thank all of the students and members of the faculty who contributed to this issue, and, a special thanks to the editors and staff of the Chronicle led by Mitch Hurst and Don Gold. Have a great Summer!

Todd R. Hayes
Editor of Picture This

BOB "Rev. Cybe" DOBBS

Rev. Cybe would like to recognize the following holy subjects for their faith, kindness and support these past 730 days.

It is because of you that my survival on this spinning fragment comprised of textbooks, pens, paper and ideas was made much easier. Each one of you is truly a blessing in disguise!!! Amy Ludwig, Pete Stenson, Manuel Galvan, Jan Grekoff, Bond Li, Les Brownlee, Bobbi Rathert, Don Gold, the editors and staff of the Columbia Chronicle, in particular, Mitch Hurst, Mary Stockover, Lou Zimianitis, Laura Ramirez, Jeff Cunningham, Mary Johnson, Omar Castillo, Mark Farano, Mary Kensik, Arlene Furlong, and Tanya Bonner.



Jesus said

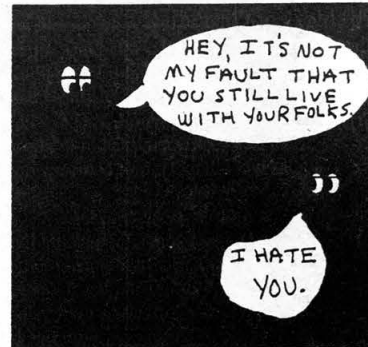
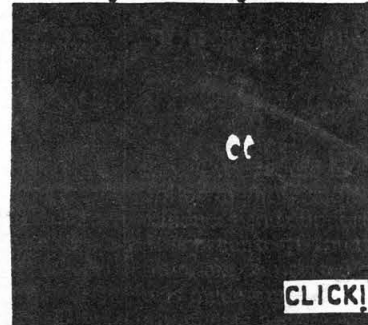
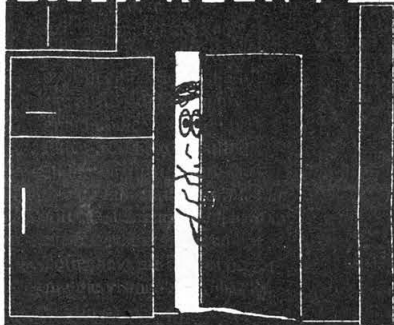
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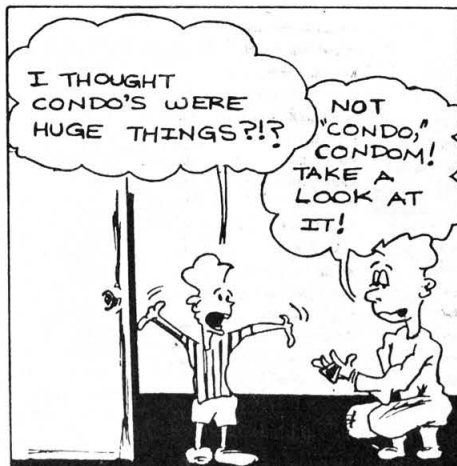
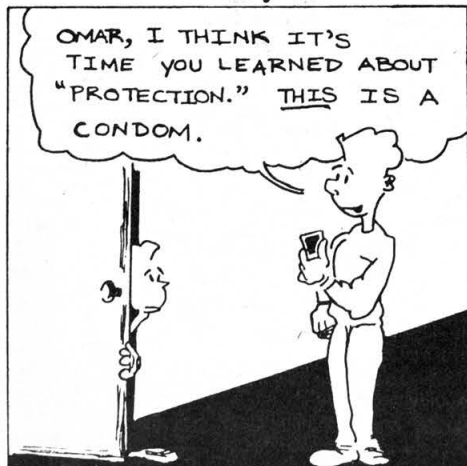
FATHER FRED

By Todd R. Hayes



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James L. Balodimas	Elizabeth Jane Charbonneau	Sue Ellen C. Edwards	Trent C. Hammen	Westley E. Kidd	Gerianne Marie Marmo	Patrick Francis O'Brien	Rexford R. Robinson	Ramona Michael Spiropoulos
Jonathan Charles Banks	Keisha Chavers	Julie Ann Egert	John A. Hansen	Costa Kinsoulis	Rita J. Marquez	Karen Dawn O'Connor	Sharon Yvette Robinson	Enid Marie Spoter
Lisa Marie Bany	Jon S. Chencinski	Alan Bowie Eley	Margie L. Hanzel	Lance Trevor King	Steven Joseph Martin	Rod Kevin O'Connor	Renee Robinson	Sandra Lee Sprowler
Denzen Lynn Barker	Sean Peter Cherover	Dino George Eliopoulos	Mark A. Hapon-Gerowitz	Valerie M. King	Kimberly Lauren Martin	Michael Patrick O'Call	Adriane L. Robinson	Nopadol Srikeitakajohn
Matthew G. Barr	Pete P. Cherwin	Susan Elizabeth Elliott				Kathleen A. O'Meara	Harold Scott Robinson	Boonie Maria Stadelman
Brenda LaShell Barry	Doreen Therese Chevie	James W. Ellison				Irena Christine Oar	Valentin Ponce Rodriguez	Douglas C. Stanton
Laura Raddonis Bates	Barry Anthony Childress	Jeff Paul Erickson				Patrick James Odam	William Martin Olsen	Susan Maria Stark
Julie Beaupain	Jason David Chrenko	Lisa K. Erikson				Erica Olsen	Mary Ann Rohn	James E. Staskauskas
Mike H. Beck	Karen E. Christensen	Lisa N. Erkes				Danielle Roberta Opyt	Jeanine A. Rohn	Thomas Christopher Steiner
John William Beckel	Peter Swanson Church	Margot Epinoza				Irma M. Oquendo	Kathryn Joy Roos	Eugenie Kvanbeck Stelnicki
Gregory Eugen Becker	Christine Clampi	Peter Claude Btwiler				Lynn Mary Osborne	Julia Ann Rosler	Kimberly Ann Stephens
Todd Phillip Beele	Heldi Diane Cichy	Jayne S. Evans				Karin Marie Oskorp	Barri Lynn Roth	Lisa J. Stern
Richard Wayne Beer	Camille Eve Cina	Elizabeth Ann Everett				Caroline Grace Otto	Chris Michael Roy	Kirsten K. Stevens
Delora A. Behrens	Mosella Clair	Dan Fahrner				James Earl Owens	Caryn G. Rubenstein	Yvette M. Stevenson
Michael Wesley Bennett	Laurel Lynn Clark	Patrick Fahy				Millizette Pagan	Sheri L. Rubin	Michael John Stewart
Arthur Lee Bennett, Jr.	Terry L. Clark	Douglas Jay Path				John E. Palda	Liza Rubenstein	Gabrielle Stills
Cathy Benavise	Richard Leslie Claves	Eugene Thomas Paut				Kathy Pallasch	William Charles Rubis	Mary Dominic Stockover
Martin J. Benz	Traci Lin Cobb	Karen Feischl				Jennie Ann Pallucci	Angelica Faith Rummage	Laura Sue Stofe
Beverly Diann Berkley	Cynthia Marie Colby	Carolyn Hope Feldman				Randall Scott Palmer	Lilly Maria Ruvolo	Robin Ann Stone
Jill Frances Bernstein	Margaret Ann Cole	Mark Steven Fenne				David B. Paluch	Marc D. Ruvalo	Kim Marie Streicher
Charles Sidney Bernstein	Zaveida Coleman	Jerry Ferraro				Eleftherios Ted Panagiotopoulos	Russell Mark Rychtanek	David John Stresler
Eric H. Berry	John Miles Connelly	Janina Fiolek				Andrea Gail Pankiewicz	Scott Allan Sackett	Robert Michael Strom
Jennifer Betancourt	Daniel Morgan Connolly	Cynthia Lynn Finethy				Nicholas James Panoz	LeAnne Saffrin	Maria A. Suarez
Angela R. Beutel	Thomas Albert Conradi	Lisa E. Finkle				Chal Min Park	Mithala Martha Saldana	Kathryn M. Sullivan
Iwona M. Biedermann	Damon A. Cook	Anne Marie Fitzgerald				Camilo Steve Parrales	Rayed H. Saleh	Megan Anne Sullivan
Richard K. Biegnier	Norman T. Cook	Michael A. Fitzgerald				Joseph Castro Pascual	Joshua R. Samos	Sadie Evans Sullivan
Murielle Bigaud	Jasnet Ann Cooke	Kerry Kieran Fitzgerald				Lynne Ellen Pasko	Kathryn A. Samuelson	Raymond John Sullivan
Kathleen Louise Bignoe	Erin Elizabeth Cooper	Chris Fitzpatrick				Thomas John Pastorello	Julio Marie Sances	Patricia A. Summers
Martina Bila	Scott H. Cooper	Mary L. Fleming				Marc William Patino	Mike G. Sanford	Kathleen Marie Swaine
Lisa M. Blotto-Sullivan	Robin M. Cooper	Andrew Plossas				David B. Paluch	Andrew R. Sardia	Dale L. Swanson
Kathy Louise Birkenstin	Daniel Joseph Corcoran	Samuel Flores				Eleftherios Ted Panagiotopoulos	Susan Joanne Sargent	Jeffrey Alan Swartz
Tom Alfred Blacha	Mark Coronado	Joseph Richard Flynn				Andrea Gail Pankiewicz	Said A. Sarvinbaghi	Alyson Synek
Ivin Richard Blackburn	Marie Egenia Coronel	Ronald A. Foley				Nicholas James Panoz	Leobardo Saucedo	Michael Szeomba
Lauren Beth Blas	Raymond Stanley Cortopassi	Grant T. Fong				Chal Min Park	Timothy A. Saunders	Danielle Maria Szygowski
David Edward Bloom	Charles Cottle	Pamela Fort				Camilo Steve Parrales	MacArthur Savage	Lee Ann Theresa Tabler
Tory S. Boettcher	Larry Keith Cottrill	David C. Foss				Joseph Castro Pascual	Michael John Scanlon	Man Ying Tam
Joseph K. Bogdan	Carol Ann Courtney	Helen Jean Fox				Lynne Ellen Pasko	William Ronald Scheib	Peter Aaron Tappen
Roseanne Bohlander	Angelique Creer	William Stephen Franz				Thomas John Pastorello	Michael Neal Schiffman	Jane Tsaiopoulos
Gary Bohringer	Richard Graham Croft III	Judy Ellen Freeman				Marc William Patino	Karen J. Schroeder	Maria Elizabeth Tassone
Edna Bokobenbaum	Tammy Delae Crosby	Poul Henrik Freitag				David B. Paluch	Michael J. Schultz	Sharon L. Tate
Lee Alan Bolotin	Laurel A. Culbert	Deborah Lynn Frencl				Eleftherios Ted Panagiotopoulos	Colleen Ann Schultz	Lisa Marie Tavoletti
Sandra L. Bonelli	James William Cullinan	Oralia Maria Pias				Andrea Gail Pankiewicz	Carl William Schultz	Kari R. Taylor
Tereita A. Borbon	Marcia G. Currie	Alyssa Lynn Pron				Nicholas James Panoz	Angela D. Schuster	Curtiss D. Taylor
Gary P. Bott	Janice Lenore Curry	Craig John Frydrychowicz				Chal Min Park	Debby Schwartz	Leonard Taylor
Elizabeth Boucher	William Bertrand Curtis	Julie Ann Pulton				Camilo Steve Parrales	Michelle Scott	Mary Ellen Taylor-Anthony
Dora Seywada Bouda	Charles Albert John Curtis	Tricia Ellen Pursett				Joseph Castro Pascual	Carolyn Jeannette Scott	Robert Allen Teitel
Melissa Ann Bower	Steve M. Curtis	Andrea Putterer				Lynne Ellen Pasko	Martin Edward Scullion	Brenda Terrell
Michelle Bradford	Courtney Michelle Curtis	Gina M. Galvan				Thomas John Pastorello	Ray U. Seale	Karen Elizabeth Thompson
Alexa Stephanie Brakes	Nan Curtis	Ray Arthur Galvan				Marc William Patino	Lisa Ann Sears	Henry James Toering
Michael Anthony Bratta	Walter Matthew Cwik	Julie A. Gard				David B. Paluch	Dave M. Sears	Angela Marie Tomasello
Diane Brasier	John Christian Caserwinski	Amila R. Gardner				Joseph Castro Pascual	Tamara K. Sellman	Daniel Matthew Tomko
Mary J. Bedford	Christine Ann Dabrowski	Hilary Baldwin Hunt				Lynne Ellen Pasko	Julie Ann Seale	Melissa Jo Toten
David Michael Bridwell	Trina Ann Dailey	Nedra Garvin				Camilo Steve Parrales	Migdalía Sepulveda	Dolores Tovar
Dawn Ellen Brigando	Denise Damsen	Bruce Douglas Gates				Joseph Castro Pascual	Mary Elizabeth Shanahan	Daniel Gerard Towell
Anne Fairchild Bright	Alicia Marie Daniel	Jeff John Gatesman				Camilo Steve Parrales	Anne Davidkida Shapiro	Marcia M. Trager
Robert James Briles	Adrienne Daniel	Eric J. Gebo				Joseph Castro Pascual	Leona Fareeda Sharif	
Karen Brody	Abel Davila	Karen M. Geisler				Joseph Castro Pascual	Curtis Shaw	

The Class of 1990

Daria Ann Harasymiak	Marjorie Ellen Kinney	Michael Anthony Martinez
Shirley D. Hardin	Pamela Ann Kipnis	Antoinette Katharina Marx
David Harte	Michael J. Kitchell	Axel Massol
Andrea L. Harty	Michelle Louise Klarich	Irene Matejuk
Diane Mary Hartz	Debra Ann Klein	Becky Ruth Matson
Jamie Susan Hauselmann	Darlene Karyn Knapp	Paul G. May
Timothy P. Hayes	Amy Therese Knauf	Doris Christine May
Anita L. Hayes	Charles Patricia Knowlton	Neida C. Mazariogues
Sheila Sherron Haynes	Annette Patricia Knox	Marjorie E. McBride
Dana Eugene Heberling	Larry Carl Kocem	Maureen C. McCarthy
Dan A. Helwig	Karen Therese Koch	Cassandra Denise McClain
Lorraine Henderson	Lori Jean B. Koonen	Christina Irgard McCleary
Klaus Henke	Sundee M. Koffarnus	Lisa Lynn McCowry
Lori A. Henkel	Robert J. Kole	Laura Rose McDonough
David Anthony Heppner	Jeff Allan Korbitz	Jay T. McPadden
Jorge Quenti Hernandez	Satoshi Koreki	Mary Alice McGee
Nora Eileen Herold	Vance D. Korotes	William Robert McGlynn
Cheryl Lynn Hess	Mark A. Kotseimer	Joshua T. McGowan
Eric C. Hess	Daniel Charles Kotval	Veronica Denise McGriff
Friday N. Hezekiah-Onukwe	Janos Anton Kotynak	Steven McKinney
Richard E. Higgins	Edmund M. Kozlowski	Barline S. McKinnis
Elizabeth Irene Hill	Michael G. Kozlowski	Allen Frank McKnair
Elizabeth Ann Hinkle	Karen A. Kremer	Jeanine Marie McNicol
Sue M. Hitzler	Kevin David Krepp	Daniel Hale Mead
Mary Catherine Hofstetter	Mike Lynn Krowicz	Dennis Meegan
Amy Reed Hogsie	Lee Kraka	Ingrid Mendez
Valerie Denise Holloway	Diana R. Krug	Douglas L. Merwin
Principenia Princess Holmes	Kimberly Ann Kudinski	Marcia Lynn Metzner
Scott Matthew Holmgren	Peter Kuehl	Terry R. Middleton
Michelle Hozand	Michael Eric Kupperman	Kristin Ann Milbrath
Kim Ann Hopes	Robert A. Kutzler	Aaron Miller
Robin Horowitz	Kristine Ann Kuznicki	Gloia Lia Miller
Bryan P. Host	Kathleen M. Kwiatkowski	David Alan Miller
Hmi Hmi Hou	Loah M. Lamentia	Jill Elizabeth Miller
Michael James Houston	Adam Jay Langer	Michelle S. Miller
Vic T. Howard	Ann Caroline Langlais	Gayle L. Mills
Kevin Wylie Howell	Nicole LaPalio	Debra A. Minghi
Alleyne Louise Hoyt	Mary E. Laube	Chris C. Mitchell
Dajiang Hu	Lisa Karen Laude	Gayle Yvette Mitchell
Kallipi Hughes	Robert Scott Lechert	Daniel Mark Mitchell
Nina A. Hughes	Geri Lee	Noor A. Mohammad Ismail
Hilary Baldwin Hunt	Paula P. Leland	Catherine Husszag Mohr
Joanne Matilda Hunter	Lynda L. Lennart	Allison Marie Mohr
Michelle Wayne Hurst	Paul Ronald Lennhan	Jeffery G. Molander
Dorian M. Huske	Julie M. Lennon	Eris Kathleen Molloy
Carol Lynn Hyshaw	Elisa Leon	Valorie L. Monroe
Charabella Renee Inade	Patricia W. Levin	Barbara J. Montgomery

A Chronicle compilation

Columbia's bands: A sampling of some of Chicago's liveliest rock 'n' roll talent

By Charles Bernstein
Associate Editor

The following is an incomplete list of bands associated with Columbia College. Associate Editor Charles Bernstein almost blew his eardrums out listening to these bands' recordings. The following is his assessment of their wide variety of sounds.

Cheri Lane: Keith Justice/lead vocals & bass, Ben Rathke/guitars, Jamie Solich/drums. Six-song demo recorded at R & R Studios in Wisconsin [lyrics written by Justice and Rathke].

Fronted by Columbia music business major/bassist Keith Justice, and backed by Columbia music major/guitarist Ben Rathke and drummer Jamie Solich, this glam-flam trio easily passes off as sons of Anthrax meets sugar-coated Guns 'N' Roses mixed with a powderkeg of sound waiting to explode!

The band began two-and-one-half years ago, and has had several personnel changes throughout its short history. The current line-up has been together for two months. Perhaps the most outstanding track on the demo is the metal love ballad "Walkaway," with its perfect balance of drums and bass, and strains of early Kiss and Metallica mixed in for good measure.

Other songs that are worthy of mention here are the cheesy, yet likeable "SOL," the rocking, Simple Minds-ish "And Always" and the fresh intense "Gypsy Rose Lee." Cheri Lane expects to play out in the Chicago area in late summer. To contact Cheri Lane, call Keith Justice at (708) 798-6203.

BOOM hANK: James Mahoney/lead vocals, guitar and harmonica; Clark Hayes/bass, Joe Canniff/guitar, Chris Mitchell/drums. Six-song cassette entitled *So What Do We Do With This*, recorded at Idful Music Corporation in Chicago. One-song cassette entitled *Strung*

Along recorded at Zenith Db in Chicago [lyrics for both cassettes written by Mahoney].

This Oak Lawn-based quartet comprised entirely of current and graduated Columbia students, is Huey Lewis harmonics, REM melodies and John Mellencamp lyrics all rolled into one big wonderful mesh of music. Together for a year, this band has played throughout Chicago and the surrounding suburbs.

The most outstanding tracks on the six-song cassette include the remarkably rocking "Suffering Plan," the simplistic FM radio-sounding "We Like" and "All In A Day," with smooth harmony that clicks quite well into the groove.

Another song that deserves a mention is "Wo! Who! Wo!," an impulsive and silly little chant that pays homage to local AM radio station WLUP.

"Strung Along," has a intimate

feel to it. Although quirky in spots, this is a sweet, country-sounding cowboys-around-the-campfire tune, with mellow acoustic guitar, splendid drumming and perfect lyrical style. Expect a vinyl release from them in late December. To contact BOOM hANK, call Central Park Management Company at (708) 423-2802 and ask for Chris Mitchell.

Casual Flurries: Mark Kendall Bennett/lead vocals & rhythm guitar; Nathan Loggins/lead guitar, Joe Hirschmugl/bass guitar & vocals; Bob Musial/percussion & vocals. Five-song demo [lyrics written by Bennett].

At only five weeks old, and with just one gig under its belt, the Chicago band Casual Flurries is already blowing up quite a blizzard in and around the Chicagoland area. The band's demo swirls about the influences of The Police, REM and Rush, in a fuzzy, garag-y sort of vein, with modest lyrics. The most outstanding cut on this demo is the hard-driving, Police-resounding, yet pleasant "Once Again," with great guitar vibratos. Other quality cuts include the strained twister "Regret" and the rustic, but beefy, "I Don't Want To Know."

To contact Casual Flurries, call Bob Musial at (312) 545-9137.

Rights Of The Accused: Mike O'Connell/lead vocals, Herb Rosen/bass, Wes Kidd/guitar, Brian St. Clair/percussion. Three-song demo [lyrics written by O'Connell].

Around for seven years, with at least one single and album to its credit, Rights Of The Accused are one of the few remaining original bands left in the ever-changing music scene in Chicago. Helping ROTA to shape its pure punk and fresh metal stench-a-plenty are Columbians Wes Kidd and Brian St. Clair.

Every cut on this demo is excellent, beginning with "I Should Have Stayed At Home," a cool punkish/metalish tune with searing drums and guitars. One can easily detect the melodic strains of Kiss, early AC/DC and even a hint of the Bay City Rollers.

"Chances" lyrically bites down hard, helped along with tight and superb guitar pickings. "Mudflap Mama" is lusty, GG Allinesque and a spiffy little ditty about a biker chick, with a fantastic backing balance of drums and guitars. To contact ROTA, call Wes Kidd at (312) 348-2135.

Julian Leal: All instruments and vocals by Leal. 45 RPM "What's Your Name," b/w "I've Got Some Time" [lyrics by Leal].

Not everyone gets a chance to have his record rated on *American Bandstand*, but Columbia solo artist Julian Leal did. Leal racks up another enjoyable two-sided piece of vinyl. "What's Your Name" serves up smooth vocals, coupled with a poppy ring

that is well-deserving of airplay.

The flipside offers "I've Got Some Time," a fresh, REO Speedwagon-sounding snappy, melodic track with great guitar

backing. To contact Julian Leal, write to him in care of: JLI Records, Post Office Box 74-R, Romeoville, IL 60441-0974.

The Blind Venetians: Matt Suhar/lead vocals, Jym Madla/percussion, Cyril Wochok/guitar, Matt Szejda/guitar, John Orbit/bass. Six-song rough mix cassette. [Lyrics by Suhar].

Fronted by Columbia senior Matt Suhar, with percussion provided by Columbia senior Jym Madla, this three-year old quintet seems to be headed in the right direction with plans for a cassette/CD release scheduled for late June entitled *Turn Your Head And Cough*. Evidence of this is demonstrated quite well in this rough mix.

Two splendid selections are "The Girl Was Never Mine," a folksy, Rush-sounding tune with fine saxophone and hints of jazz tossed in for solid measure, and "Canister," a sort of metall-punkish Beatlesque/Tom Petty piece that renders a great melodic balance of vocals, guitars and drums.

Others that are worthy of mention include "3 ft. Girl," a lyrically silly tune with punch, and "The Nation Is Tired," a realistic, but politically sarcastic song with a raging slab of guitars. To contact The Blind Venetians, call Matt Suhar at (312) 769-6520.

Animal Farm: Peter Cunningham/lead vocals, Vincent Varco/keyboards, Joe Thomas/bass, Hamid Drake/percussion, Steve Gerlach/lead guitarist, Kathy Warden/vocals. 11-song cassette entitled *Common Love*, recorded at Studio Media, Evanston, IL [lyrics by Cunningham and Varco].

The Class of 1990

from page 5

Chanthaboune Traymany
Eida M. Tunzi
Michael Anthony Turner
Lisa D. Turner
Riaz Uddin
Charles Gregory Upshaw
Michelle L. Urbanovich
Manuel Santos Valderrama
Daniel Antonio Valenzuela
James Jason Vargas
Jerry A. Vasistas
Joseph M. Vassallo
Rosemary B. Vavani
Kavita Khemo Vazirani
Lilia Patricia Vazquez
Myrna-Karen R. Vazquez
Eric Christopher Veldt
Charles Venura
Mary Jo Amelia Vergara
Robert Todd Viereg II
Bridgette T. Villanueva
Olga Villarreal
Louis Burton Virgo
Gary Thomas Vlk
Maria Vukasinovic
Michael Francis Waldschmidt
Bruce Jerome Walker
Kimberly Michelle Walker
Karyn Ruth Wall

Sonja Renee Wallace
Rosamond T. Wallace
Heidi M. Wallace
Lyns Demetria Wallace
James Walter
Christine Marie Ward
Brian Scott Waring
Margaret Warnusz
Patricia Lynette Washington
Linda Renee Wasserman
Christopher P. Wegman
Jeffrey Lee Wehrmeister
Matthew Spencer Weintraub
Sam Thomas Weller
Bonnie Jean Wells
Keith Michael Wente
Andrew Joseph Wenderitch
Gary Christopher Werner
Gerfield Owen West
Brian Douglas Westbury
Loralee Whisenant
Laura Wiatrolak
David Charles Wilde
Jerry A. Wilhelm
Antoinette Wilkes
Terrence Terrill Williams
Desiree Victoria Williams
Crystal Lynette Williams
Marion Williams

Angela Elaine Williams
Earnest Williams
Parker Lee Williams
Bridgett Rosalynn Williams
Timothy John Willis
Courtney Elizabeth Wills
Chandra Yolanda Wilson
Frances Yvonne Wilson
Timothy James Wineski
Andy Shiu Wong
Michael Patrick Woods
Mary C. Worobec
Deborah Marie Wozniak
Quincella Wright
Scott Andre Wright
Laura Sue Yoshida
Tais Shyette Young
Dana Marie Zacharko
Lori L. Zalta
Charles George Zakocian, Jr.
Dan Paul Zamudio
Elias Ziminaitis
Michele Anderson
Brian R. J. Bowie

Gloria L. Bowman
Susan M. Bradford
Laurie L. Brown
Janis A. Brown
Barbara J. Campbell
Grace L. Carlson
Mary A. Carmody
Lynn Ann Chaloupka
Michael D. Chatkin
Gloria Montgomery Chatman
Amanda I. Cleary
Gene F. Cozzolino
William B. Dicker
Violet M. Dodd
Jeffrey C. Domm
Sharon Dunn
Cary Brent Eldridge
Robert A. English
James E. Fiala
Roselia H. Gerstein
Sheila Horochena Gibbs
Dori A. Gordon
Patricia A. Gullett
Mary J. Happ
Janice E. Hawkins
Jane S. Hobart-Robinson

Andrea G. Karpic
Daniel E. Kosanovich
Robyn Lending
Chia-min James Lin
Jacqueline Lopez-Peres
Shari L. Munnery
Ann M. Markham
Eileen M. McMahon
Bobbie J. Middendorf
Patricia M. O'Connell
Kerry R. O'Rourke
Samuel Eric Peterson
Arnold I. Raiff
John F. Randle
Paulette J. Rife
Phyllis M. Robinson
Anne E. Sadovskai
Timothy M. Sauer
Susan E. Cahill Schaefer
Bonnie J. Smothers
Kari L. Sommers
Kimberly L. Spayer
Nik-ki Whittingham
James A. Wiggins
Lawrence E. Wilson
Barbara Yonan

Master's Degrees

Congratulations

Animal Farm is one of many local bands to watch closely in 1990. Fleet-fingered keyboardist/Columbia student Vincent Varco is just one of the many facets that make up this sextet of Jackson Browne/ Dylan-sounding musicians.

There are many choice selections on this recording, including the melodically swinging, B-52ish "Beach Talk," and the Tom Petty-ish, "Rain Come Down," with its twisty guitars. "Nuts About You," brings forth a sweet Irish folk melody blended well with country and Dylan-esque lyrics. "I'm Just Like You" delivers a bluesy, speeded-up tune with a novellish feel, and throw-away lyrics. It is strikingly similar to the Bob Dylan ditty "Motor-Psycho Nitemare."

Other noteworthy cuts include the Jackson Browne-sounding "Common Love," with a touch of Grateful Dead melody, and "Wutcha Doin'," a cool little twister with rock-hopping keyboards and an excellent pulsating bass. To contact Animal Farm, call Vincent Varco at (708) 823-3775.

The Flying None: Raymond Henker/lead vocals and bass, Jeff Bunag/percussion, Dan Volpe/guitars. 17-song practice tape recorded by The Flying None [lyrics by Henker].

If sound could represent success and individuality, then The Flying None are well on their way to achieving a strange brand of success. With help from Columbia music business major Dan Volpe on guitar, there's no telling how far they could go.

There are many wonderful cuts on this cassette, including the punk-flavored, Cramps-esque "Faces Of The Clock," with quirky lyrics and fine guitar lines. "Ride To Joey's (To See His Mom)," is thundering blues

mixed with Aerosmith-like melodies in nonstop, rapping lyrical, sense. "Sylvia (You Los Your Head)," backed by a fine dosage of guitars, bass and drums brings forth biting Beethoven and Bach chord patterns, blended with a scorching pinch of rock and swirling carnival images to produce a crass-sounding Michelle Shocked!

Others mentionables include "I Don't Know," a soaring, little blues rocker that blends Beatles and Police riffs, accompanied by a fine balance of guitars and drums. "Arriving By Mad Train," offers up a U2-ish drumbeat, though slow in spots with a punky feel to it. To contact The Flying None, call Dan Volpe at (708) 297-5518.

Brand New Skin: Kevin DeBolt/lead vocals and rhythm guitar, David Linke/bass, John Novak/percussion, Tony Germann/lead guitar. Two-song cassette recorded at Streeterville Studios in Chicago [lyrics by DeBolt].

With just one year under its belt, this ska/pop band is a fan's delight to the ears, with crisp flowing melodies and a fresh, invigorating lyrical style, thanks to lead vocalist/rhythm guitarist Kevin DeBolt, a senior marketing & advertising major.

Both cuts on this cassette are splendid. "Silent Simon," a hot-headed, slamming rocker, combines screaming vocals and articulate bass lines to formulate a filtering Bad Brains/English Beat texture to it. "Modern Up," is a beautifully mellow musical narrative with on-time drumming and sweet vocals, with tinges of U2, Midnight Oil, Harry Chapin and Beatles thrown in for good measure. To contact Brand New Skin, call Kevin DeBolt at (708) 532-6626.

Commencement to be held on June 1

The Columbia College 1990 graduation will take place on June 1 at 7:30 p.m. at the UIC Pavilion, 1150 W. Harrison. No tickets are required.

Among those to be honored by the college are Faith Hubley, animator and illustrator; Leon M. Despres, former alderman and

advocate of social reform; Yousef Karsh, distinguished portrait photographer; Haskell Wexler, cinematographer and director and Clarence Page, editorial columnist for the *Chicago Tribune*. Page will deliver the commencement address.

Madonna, Murphy, Willis, Fox and Cruise head summer film star list

By Jeff Cunningham
Film Critic

Summertime means money time for the movie industry, and though there doesn't appear to be a megahit of *Batman* proportions this year, you can bet that more than a couple of films will be filling up the theaters.

The super-hyped *Dick Tracy*, starring Warren Beatty and Madonna, could be one of them. An article in the June issue of *Premiere* magazine has already proclaimed it to be "as stunning and original as *Who Framed Roger Rabbit*." We'll see.

Sequels appear to be more abundant this summer than ever before; no less than eight are scheduled for release within the next three months.

Another 48 HRS. reunites Eddie Murphy (looking to rebound from *Harlem Nights*) and Nick Nolte in the sequel to the 1982 action comedy. Walter Hill returns as director.

Back to the Future Part III completes the time traveling trilogy directed by Robert Zemeckis. This time, Michael J. Fox and Christopher Lloyd are transported back to the Old West.

Die Hard 2: Die Harder has Bruce Willis back as Everyman hero John McClane. In the sequel, all hell breaks loose at an airport. This one should be a blast, especially with the same stunt and special effects coordinators returning from the 1988 original.

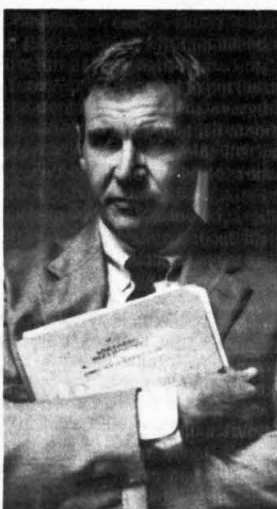
The Exorcist III: Legion is written and directed by William Peter Blatty, who won an Oscar for Best Screenplay of the 1973 shocker. It could be a real dud, but hope springs eternal with the dependable George C. Scott playing a police lieutenant who is investigating a series of unexplained murders. No, Linda Blair does not return.

Other sequels that may make some noise include *Gremlins 2: The New Batch*, *RoboCop 2*, *Young Guns II* and the *Chinatown* sequel, *The Two Jakes*, which was originally slated for a late 1989 release.



Glencarlo Esposito, Spike Lee, and Denzel Washington star in *Mo' Better Blues*, a summer

release from Universal Pictures. The film is, not surprisingly, written and directed by Lee.



Harrison Ford plays a prosecuting attorney accused of murder in *Presumed Innocent*.

Although there isn't a *Top Gun II* to report on, I have seen trailers for three films that look fairly similar.

Days of Thunder features Tom Cruise along with *Top Gun* director Tony Scott. Stock car racing supplies the "need for speed" in-



Bruce Willis stars in *Die Hard 2*, the sequel to *Die Hard*. Willis plays hero John McClane.

stead of aerobatics. Robert Duvall and Randy Quaid also star.

Fire Birds looks a lot like *Top Gun* if you put high-tech fighter helicopters in place of F-14s. Nicolas Cage and Tommy Lee Jones are pilots caught in a war



Prince is back with *Graffiti Bridge*, a story about a falling nightclub.

with South American drug cartels. Sean Young plays the obligatory love interest.

Flight of the Intruder might be a *Top Gun* in Vietnam of sorts. Willem Dafoe (in his third Vietnam movie in only five years) and Danny Glover headline this war

film about fighter pilots. Brad Johnson (*Always*) also stars, along with Rosanna Arquette as the... you guessed it—obligatory love interest.

Andrew Dice Clay, fresh from his appearance on TV's *Saturday Night Live*, is set to make 1990 his big year. Clay has his own concert movie coming out, as well as the comedy, *The Adventures of Ford Fairlane*, in which he plays a private detective.

Presumed Innocent is based on Scott Turow's best seller about a prosecuting attorney (Harrison Ford) who is charged with the murder of his mistress. This mystery-drama features a wonderful cast: Brian Dennehy, Raul Julia and Greta Scacchi.

Mo' Better Blues concerns a jazz musician (Denzel Washington) who is forced to choose between his music and his women. The drama is written, directed and produced by Spike Lee.

Searching for something unique? *Flatliners*, starring Kiefer Sutherland and Julia Roberts, might fit the bill. It's a thriller about a group of medical students who engage in a life-after-death experiment.

Wild at Heart, would also probably qualify as original, simply because it's written and

directed by David Lynch. Nicolas Cage and Laura Dern play a couple on the run from her mother (?). It won't be boring, that's for sure.

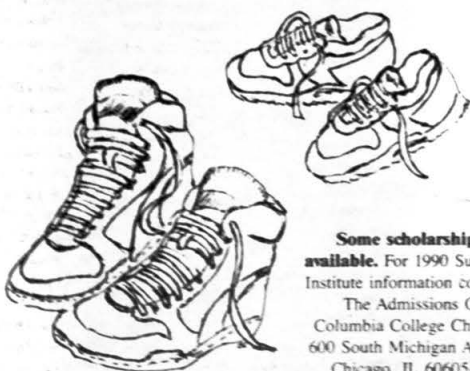
Arnold Schwarzenegger is back in action in *Total Recall*, a sci-fi adventure set in 2084. Paul Verhoeven (*RoboCop*) directs.

Rock star Prince returns to the movies in the musical drama, *Graffiti Bridge*, in which he plays a nightclub owner whose business begins to fail.

That's a total of 20 films—not even one-half of the movies scheduled for a summer release. So if don't see your favorite stars mentioned here, that doesn't mean they won't be popping up soon at a theater near you.

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Fear and apathy add up to 'senioritis'

By Gayle Mitchell

The end of the school year means different things to different students. For some, it simply means the end of one more school year. For others, it means summer vacation and leisure. But for many, it engenders a mix of panic, apathy and excitement.

Around May of every school year, an illness affecting those who are going to graduate typically spreads through Columbia. Symptoms include: sending lots of resumes, going on what seems like hundreds of interviews in hopes of landing a job, the fear of not being accepted to the graduate school of your choice, thoughts of getting through yet another paper or exam, and anticipation, as the big day approaches.

This illness is contagious. It strikes a majority of graduating seniors in their final weeks. The diagnosis: senioritis.

With graduation a few weeks away, Columbia seniors are experiencing one form or another of senioritis. Because many students have spent more than the traditional four years to pursue an education, it was easy to make school a second home.

This is common among graduating seniors. "They are very proud to have finished, but at the same time, they will miss the friendships they have made here and the support of school life," said Tim Long, Placement Coordinator.

Another form of senioritis is panic. The thought of either going on to graduate school or entering the work force intensifies as one wonders whether or not he or she will do well at it. Senior Tamara Sellman said, "Even if you excel in school, you're not sure if you can excel in the real world."

"The anxiety is the same for everybody," said Bobbi Rathert, an Academic Advisor.

The apathy associated with senioritis is apparent as seniors become frustrated with going to class and finishing up the semester.

Both Long and Rathert pointed out the greatest fear facing seniors is "the fear of the unknown."

"You're excited about using the skills you've learned and the thought of making a living, but the unknown element is still there," Rathert said.

Though senioritis has a lot of downsides, the excitement that comes with it is what makes it great. To know that the years of study are coming to an end and the thought of good times after graduation is what makes it worthwhile. "The closer you get to graduation, the more excited you get because you know you've accomplished something," said senior Sally Smith.

Monday, May 21

Registration for summer 1990 starts today (for continuing students only) at 10am - 6pm in room 611, Michigan building. Registration runs thru May 25.

The Gay and Lesbian Alliance of Columbia College will sponsor a party tonight at 6:30 in room 202, Wabash. All students and faculty welcome.

The African American Alliance of Columbia College will meet today to honor African American Men. The ceremony will begin at 1:30 at Hokin Hall. A reception will follow. Open to all students and faculty.

Tuesday, May 22

The writing center will offer a seminar entitled "Writing Resumes, Cover Letters, and Applications" at 11am in room 311, Wabash. For more info call x698.

The Columbia College Theatre and Music Center presents "Man and Superman" by Bernard Shaw directed by Pauline Brailsford. Showtime is at 7pm in the New Studio Theatre, 72 East 11th St. The show will be repeated thru Saturday, May 26 at 7pm and Sunday, May 27 at 3pm. For more info call 663-9465.

Wednesday, May 23

The Television Arts Society will present Walter Jacobson, CBS Co-Ancor, at 12pm in studio A of the Michigan Building, 15th floor. All students are welcome.

The mission network will hold a meeting today at 1pm in room 204, Wabash.

The Interdisciplinary Arts Education Department of the Graduate division presents "Monsieur Vivant" an original performance by Larry Wilson. Show will begin at 7:30 in the Hokin Student Center. Free admission.

"1-900-Video," a video exhibition by independent video producers will be presented tonight at 7:30 in the Hokin Student Center. Featured producers are Robert Beals, C. Mark Cronin, Elias Georgakopoulos, Robb Bardner, Sergio Lozano, Chad Rankin, Jamie Tamaki, Charles Ventura, and Rick Venturi. For more info call x410 or 203.

Thursday, May 24

Free movie - "Batman" in the Hokin Center at 4pm.

Friday, May 25

Prime Time Columbia will be shown on Chicago Access Channel 21 at 9pm.

The 7th Annual Television Department Student Videos Exhibition will begin at 6pm in Studio A, 15th floor, Michigan. For info call x413.

The End of the Year Honor Student Exhibition will open tonight at 5pm. The opening reception will take place in the Columbia College Art Gallery of the 11th St. campus. The exhibit runs thru June, M-F 10-4pm.

The Interdisciplinary Arts Department presents "Inside Out: Our Viewpoints" a collection of student works at 5:30pm in the Hokin Student Center.

Seniors Margi Cole, Maria Cornel, and Darlene Matos will perform for a special senior concert tonight and tomorrow at 8pm at the Dance Center. The performances are free and all students are invited.

Wednesday, May 30

Commencement robe pick-up for seniors at the Follet Lounge, Michigan building. For info call x224.

The Television Arts Society will present NBC News Anchor, Ron Magers. The lecture will begin at noon in studio A, 15th floor, Michigan.

Thursday, May 31

Tonight is Student Performance Night at the Dance Center, 4730 N. Sheridan Rd. Performances begin at 8pm. For more info call 271-7928.

Kevin Shine Productions presents "Showtime at Columbia College." This is the first Black Arts Entertainment Talent Show, featuring singing, dancing, comedy, and rap. Showtime is 7pm at the Hokin Hall. \$100 first prize. Co-sponsored by the African American Alliance.

CALENDAR

Face Value Are you happy with your college education?



Donald Trump
Sophomore
Taj Mahal School of Design

"I never went to class. I owned the school and I hired people to run it, so I didn't have to go myself. What I did was hang out outside the school, and that's where I met my beautiful Ivana. Of course, now she's just a money-grubbing, know-nothing bimbo. I, of course, am perfect. Just ask my financial advisor. But actually, I don't care about money, but I do have a beautiful casino to sell you in Bangladesh."



Ronald Reagan
Senior
Old West U.

"I went to school in Illinois, I think. I can't remember the name of the school, but that's not important. What matters is that I remember that I went to school in Illinois. Illinois is one of the fifty-four states, for sure, if you include Guam and Grenada. And so am I."



John Poindexter
Senior
D.C. U.

"Absolutely. Reagan kept saying, 'Play one of those good old songs, play *You Are My Sunshine*,' and I would say to him, 'No, Mr. President, it's Iran we're talking about.' And he would say, 'Trade them two Ray Charles LPs and a ShaNaNa cassette for one of our hostages.' It was impossible. That's why I'm definitely not guilty."



Mike Tyson
Freshman
Hard Knocks

"I never went to school. My favorite class, however, is the very rich. I want to be one of them. I want to own like the entire country of the United States and I want to park my cars in Mexico. I would go to Canada on Saturday night, just for kicks. And I hope to belt a few more tired cats to earn enough money to make my dream come true."